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JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

PHILOSOPHY.

Political Economy, and the Philosophy of Government: a series of Essays selected from the Works of M. de Sismondi, with an Historical Notice of his Life and Writings. By M. MIGNET. London, 1847. J. Chapman. THESE extracts from the political writings of SISMONDI were originally published in a French periodical, from which they have been translated, as being calculated to convey to the English reader whatever he would most desire to learn of the philosophical works of the modern historian of Italy, without burdening the library and the memory with the three huge volumes as they proceeded from the pen of the author. The translator has added to the interest of this work by a selection from the private letters and journals of SISMONDI, to which he was fortunate enough to obtain access.

The subjects treated of are very various: they comprise essays "On Landed Property," "On the Condition of Work-people in Manufactories," "On the National Income," a comparison between the Colonies of the Ancients and those of the Moderns, "On Universal Suffrage," "On the Executive Powers in Free Countries," "On the Aristocratic Element in Free Countries," and "On Constitutional Monarchy."

It would be impossible, within the limits of a weekly record of literature having so many claims upon its columns, to review the author's opinions on the numerous subjects he discusses. His views are not very original; his principles are not very distinctly set forth, nor is it easy to gather them. He has an extensive acquaintance with facts, and he enjoys the happy faculty of putting them in an interesting form, so as to make an impression upon the reader's memory; and he assumes an air of profundity which imposes upon those who do not take the trouble to measure his arguments.

Seldom have we seen a better description than this of

PUBLIC OPINION.

There exists an opinion, Madame de Staël often said, which is more acute than that of the most acute man of the world; it is that of the public, for public opinion collects all the most distinguished opinions, it enlightens them, it renders them more acute by collision, it is the sum of the best, and not the mean proportion of the most advanced and the most absurd. So there exists in public opinion a social science, entire, developed, and more profound than any publicist has ever attained to. It is this opinion which we call into power and action when we proclaim the sovereignty of the people. We invoke this sovereignty, but it is that of national intelligence, of the enlightened, virtuous, and progressive opinion which has been formed in the nation. In order to conceive a better state of society and to realize it, and in order to develop the progress of all, it is necessary to be in advance of all; not only talent, but genius is required. The nation can only be well governed by the most enlightened and the most virtuous of her citizens. It is not that they have, by reason of their virtue and intelligence, any right to sovereignty; it is that the nation, as sovereign, has a right to the intelligence and virtue which they possess. If they were set apart to form a governing aristocracy, it would be giving them an interest of caste, which would probably destroy this virtue and this intelligence; but

if from the fear of giving them an equal share in the sovereignty, they are left in that minority where they must necessarily originate, all the advantages of this virtue and of this intelligence which belong to the nation are lost, and the object is not obtained.

Instructed by experience, M. SISMONDI prefers a limited monarchy to a republic, and in his Essay on Universal Suffrage he forcibly points out

THE DIFFICULTIES OF DEMOCRACY.

If it is absurd to say that a minority is free because it only obeys laws made against it by a majority, it is no less so to say that a nation is free because she only obeys laws which those whom she has elected make contrary to her interest: it is the nature of the laws, it is their conformity with public opinion, and not the deceptive idea of a representation, which must prove that they are really the expression of the will of a free nation. It is false that the people obey what they have themselves willed when they obey the will of their regularly chosen representatives, for most frequently, on the legislative questions which these decide, they have neither will nor opinion; still less can it be supposed that they have transmitted their will through their deputies, for the questions which those have to decide upon are, most frequently, posterior to their nomination. Besides, as we have seen, if the people had a will in these questions, it would almost always be behind the common rate of information. Still more, the poor and labouring classes of the population experience a difficulty in the exercise of their right of election which renders their representation always illusory. They have, in fact, not theories on public order, but sufferings, interests and wants, to which it is of consequence to them to give utterance, that they may be heard. By whom shall they get themselves represented? By their equals—peasant by a peasant, working men in a manufactory by working men? But these ignorant and illiterate men, not being able to seize the whole of social organization, nor to arrange their ideas, nor to express them in a way to lead others, would come unarmed on that political arena where others combat with so much advantage; they would be deceived, they would be intimidated, they would exercise no influence. Shall poor men be represented by men who are also poor, but who are strangers to all trades, and who follow the profession of letters, perhaps that of intrigue? There would be no identity of interests among them, no knowledge even of what the poor desire, and what they ought to desire, and striking, daily examples, so numerous as to be almost without exceptions, shew us that class is, of all those which constitute society, the one most easily seduced, the most easily intoxicated by drawing-room success, the most accessible to the baits of vanity, luxury, pleasure, and riches. Shall the poorer classes address themselves to the rich and the powerful? But then how could they be represented by persons differing so completely from them, communicating so little with them, who neither understand them, nor feel what they have felt? In all the democracies of Greece, Italy, Germany, Holland, and Switzerland, the working classes have tried in turns these three kinds of representatives. Sometimes the rude good sense of the peasant or the mechanic, seated among statesmen in his coat of coarse cloth, has been praised; but the utmost that this rude good sense could do, was to prevent him from compromising himself; it had no influence on public decisions. Then came poor and clever intriguers, such warm patriots before their election, so jealous of the people afterwards, and thence arose the proverb, *Il n'est oppression que de parvenus*; upstarts are the greatest oppressors; then last, the people threw themselves into the arms of the noble and the rich, and the longer a democracy has lasted the more certain it is to see these in possession of power.

Further on in the same essay we find a philosophical examination of a power of recent growth, but not so alarming as some persons imagine who have looked at its strength without also estimating its weaknesses.

THE FOURTH ESTATE.

However, the more the other guarantees of liberty seem to be depressed, to be, as it were, annihilated by this guarantee of publicity, the latter may, on the other hand, present dangers which were not suspected before its introduction. The English speak sometimes jokingly, sometimes with real anxiety, of this *fourth estate of the gentlemen of the press*—the newspaper editors. They know, they have first taught us that a nation cannot attain to true liberty but by developing national intelligence; that to do this it is necessary that individual ideas should be brought forward, should be enlightened one by another, should be matured by discussion; that there is no power in the state to whom can be confided the right of putting bounds to thought, whilst, on the contrary, thought must control all other power. Such are the principles of the liberty of the press; but by the side of the elaboration of thought, which is a right and a necessity, is placed journalism, which is a trade. All power which is exercised with a view to lucre should excite distrust, for it is in the way of being corrupted. The daily press is a power, and its object is not public good but to get the largest number of subscribers. It is not for the advantage of the country, it is that it may be read, that a newspaper attacks the institutions of the country, lessens consideration for those in power, plants thorns on every public career, drives from it all those who have not by intrigue acquired a front of brass, spies out the secrets of the state, proclaims its weakness or its irresolution, and reveals its projects to the enemies of the country as well as to its readers. Publicity is no doubt an immense progress in social science, but venal publicity is often an advantage obtained by crime.

There is novelty and truth in these observations on

THE ARISTOCRACY OF MIND.

Aristocracy of mind, however, is never a political power, because there is, in the exercise of the intellectual faculties, something independent, which rejects association; something individual which leads men of talent to come forward alone, rather than as part of the body to which they belong; to establish their own thoughts and discoveries, rather than those of their academy. The need of association is felt in a lively manner only by weakness; minds of a superior order do not fear putting themselves alone in opposition to all the world. Of all existing bodies academies are those in which it has always been most difficult to establish the *esprit de corps*.

Lastly, from the essay on "The Aristocratic Element in Free Countries" we take a passage that cannot be too often perused by all engaged in political strife, and which we may entitle

CHARITY TOWARDS OPPONENTS.

It is, however, always fortunate when the aristocracy of manners preserves sufficient influence to introduce a system of respect into public life, when it teaches all those who are depositories of some portion of social power to respect themselves, and to make themselves respected by respecting others. It is only in our own times, that it has been completely forgotten in political discussions, how important it is for the good of the country not to offend, not to mortify adversaries; what bitterness and permanence is added to dislike by treacherous insinuations being admitted into debates, by the bitter sarcasms which are thrown out, the malicious intentions which are attributed by one to another. The daily press, which collects with eagerness these frequently calumnious accusations, which gives to them the publicity not of an assembly but of the whole nation, and the duration not of a passing word but of writing, makes forgiveness and oblivion almost impossible; at the same time it accustoms the public to an habitual distrust of, to an habitual contempt for, what it ought to respect. No disloyalty, no aspersions, no perfidy seem to it improbable in men in power. It has for vouchers of its suspicions the insinuations of those whom it believes most capable of judging them, because they are always engaged in a contest with them. First, it is

indignant at the corruption of all public morality which is represented as the character of politics; then it becomes accustomed to it, and the level of the degree of integrity necessary in order not to be dishonoured becomes every day lower. It is with deep regret that in our days we have seen men, who by their social position were called upon to shew themselves the guardians of good manners, the chiefs of the aristocracies of courts and drawing-rooms, descend in their turns into this shameful arena, and endeavour to cover their adversaries with dirt. We have seen them attack with the same coarseness, or with an impertinence of *bon ton* as insulting, the representatives of authority when they renounced their prejudices, and the ministers of the king when they considered them as too liberal. Their journals are distinguished amongst those of the Opposition by bitterness, personality, sometimes by treacherous insinuations, by indecency and scandal. Of all their faults, this is the one which least deserves pardon, for they sin against the spirit of their caste, and of their principles; they have delivered up to the enemy the post of honour, with the defence of which they were most specially entrusted.

Enough has been extracted to enable the reader to form a fair judgment of the contents of this volume.

HISTORY.

The Protestant Reformation in France; or, the History of the Hugonots. By the Author of "Father Darcy," &c. Vols. I. and II. London, 1847.

We trust that this very clever author will not write too much. There are symptoms already of a desire to emulate the book manufactory of JAMES. During the last eighteen months we have had occasion to review no less than three novels from this fertile pen, and now we are presented with the two first volumes, and portly ones they are, of a history which can scarcely be completed in less than two or three more of the same size. There is, too, something of rivalry with JAMES in the choice of subject. JAMES has lately published a *Life of Henry the Fourth*. The work before us is the same subject under another name. The author of the *Two Old Men's Tales* is happier in the treatment of this event than the author of *Richelieu*, more minute and accurate in detail, more careful in composition, more attractive in manner, and with a larger philosophy. The author does not, however, profess to be writing formal history: a simple narrative, "displaying the virtues, errors, sufferings, and experiences of individual men, rather than the affairs of countries or the intrigues of cabinets," is all that was aimed at, and judging it as such, the work deserves commendation, and will afford to the reader much information and a great deal of amusement. A few sketches taken from different parts of the volumes without regard to order of time will suffice to shew the author's style, and the mingled memoir and anecdote with which the pages abound; as this of

ADMIRAL COLIGNI.

As soon as the Admiral had quitted his bed, which in general was very early in the morning, and had wrapped his night-gown round him, he knelt down, as did his attendants, and made a prayer after the custom of the French Hugonot Churches; after which, while he was waiting for the sermon (which was preached every day, accompanied with the singing of psalms,) he gave audience to the deputies of the churches that were sent to him, and employed himself in public. Occasionally he did business after the sermon till dinner time. When dinner was ready, his household servants, except those who were immediately employed in preparing the necessities of the table, all waited in the great hall. When the table being set, the Admiral with his wife

by his side stood at the head of it. If there had been no sermon that morning a psalm was sung, and then the usual benediction followed; which ceremony numbers of Germans—colonels and captains—as well as French officers, who were asked to dine with him, can witness he observed without even intermitting a single day—not only at his own house in days of quiet, but even whilst he was with the army. The cloth being taken away, he rose as well as his wife and all his attendants, and either returned thanks himself, or caused his chaplain to do so. And having observed that some of his household could not regularly attend the prayers in the evening on account of their occupations and amusements, he ordered that every one of them should present themselves in the great hall after supper, and then after singing a psalm, a prayer was said.

The next extract is a report of a speech of one of the deputies to the Tiers Etat:—

AN ORATION OF THE 16TH CENTURY.

Upon the 1st day of January, 1561, the king, accompanied as before, came down to the Assembly to listen to the harangue of the orators. L'Ange for the Tiers Etat spoke first. His speech, though pedantic, contains an animated and affecting picture of the miseries which afflicted his country, united with sentiments upon the subject of liberty, and the rights of mankind in general, which were just as they were generous. He denied that religious differences alone occasioned the distraction and decline of the state, attributable in a still higher degree to the vices of the higher, and the wretchedness of the lower orders of society. He accused the clergy of "une ignorance crasse et générale"—of avarice which drove a trade even in the sacraments, and devoted to purposes equally profane and scandalous funds destined to feed the poor and maintain unimpaired the holy edifices—of unbridled luxury, "qui changeoit en un palais, l'humble toit qu'ils devoient avoir dans le parvis de leur église, et leur modeste domestique en un train et des équipages, qui les faisoient mieux ressembler aux anciens Satrapes de Perse qu'aux successeurs des Apôtres." The magistrates he censured for venality, ignorance, and idleness. The nobility for a neglect of those duties the discharge of which formed the condition by which they alone held their great possessions and high privileges, more especially that of military service, which they were bound to perform to the exclusion of the inferior classes. "Whereas, now the people were loaded with taxes to pay foreign mercenaries to supply their place." "En effet à ne considérer que la conduite et les déportemens de la plus part de cet ordre, on seroit tenté à croire, qu'ils font consister la noblesse à vivre dans l'oisiveté, à prendre les places les plus honorables dans une assemblée, à avoir de plus belles maisons, de plus beaux habits, et une table mieux servie que les autres; et à se croire digne des plus grandes recompenses, s'ils peuvent citer quelque fait glorieux d'un de leurs ancêtres." He painted their ruinous pomp, their haughty pretensions, their pride, and their shameful idleness, "leur faste ruineux, la morgue de leurs pretentions, leur orgueil insultante, et l'oisiveté honteuse dans laquelle ils croupissoient." He concluded with an affecting description of the situation of the people, of their general misery, the depression of the agriculturists—crushed to the earth by the régime fiscal, weighed down by the oppressions of the nobility, and ruined by their hardheartedness (durété).

A specimen of the author's descriptive powers is

THE MASSACRE OF VASSI.

On Sunday, the 1st of March, 1552, the Duke de Guise, attended by his family and by the Cardinal de Guise, left Joinville for Paris. It appears that during his stay at Joinville, his mother Antoinette de Bourbon, had complained of the insolence of the Hugonots, who presumed to hold their preachings at Vassi, close upon the gates of her castle. "The Duke began to mutter," says the historian, "et à s'animer dans son courage, mordant sa barbe;" biting his lips as was his custom

when he was angry, and "such were the dispositions," says De Thou, whose account has been chiefly followed, "which seemed to prepare the miserable event that ensued." The route of the Duke unfortunately lay through Vassi, where he arrived early in the morning, followed by his numerous and splendid train. His design, if design he had, appears to have been to disperse the Hugonots, if assembled, but not to offer violence to any person in particular. As he entered the town he heard a bell ringing, and asking what that was for; he was answered, it was to call the Protestants to meeting. Upon that a loud and confused cry of joy was heard among the crowd of valets, lackeys, and other attendants travelling with him. "It seemed like the cry of a body of military adventurers rejoicing in the prospect of plunder." As the Duke proceeded, he was met by some of the principal officers of the place, who to prevent disturbance begged of him to pass the building where the assembly was being held, without stopping; but while he was in discourse with them, several of his people had approached the meeting-house, (it was a barn which the Hugonots had purchased, and might hold about 1200 people,) and had begun to abuse those assembled, "calling them dogs and rebels to God and to the King. High words were returned by the Hugonots, and the affray began. A shower of stones was thrown by the Duke's servants, who soon tore down the door of the chapel, and rushing furiously in, sword in hand, fell upon the assembled multitude, striking down and massacring all they met. A dreadful confusion ensued. The women and children rent the air with their shrieks and cries, vainly endeavouring to escape; the men called loudly for help. A few only put themselves on their defence, for they were all, in obedience to the edict, unarmed. The tumult was so great that the noise reached the ears of the Duchess de Guise; who, travelling in her litter, was a short distance in advance of the rest; and she instantly despatched an express to her husband, to entreat him to spare innocent blood. Her messenger found the Duke standing at the door of the barn, endeavouring, some say, to allay the disorder, but at the moment a stone unfortunately struck him on the face; and his people, seeing the blood stream from his mouth, and glad of an excuse for further violence, now set no bounds to their fury. In spite of his prayers and menaces, the carnage was horrible, the rage of the murderers being only appeased when not a creature remained in the chapel.—Sixty were left dead upon the spot, and more than two hundred wounded or made prisoners.

Now for a picture of

A CABINET COUNCIL.

It was in this mood that he at last consented to attend the secret cabinet, now assembled for the second time during that eventful day. It was held after dinner, in a summer-house in the garden of the Tuilleries, and consisted of only six people—the Queen-mother, the Duke d'Anjou, Tavannes, De Retz, Birague, and the Duke de Nevers. The plans in succession proposed, and in succession abandoned, were various; but not one was there found to point out the safe and easy path of good faith and humanity. Some advised to finish the Admiral, others a general arrest of the Hugonot chiefs; violence, treachery, and bloodshed, were the leading features in all their schemes. By one counsellor, the Maréchal de Retz, it was proposed to shelter the King from the odium which must necessarily attach to any open breach of faith upon his part, by inflaming the animosities of the rival factions of Guise, Coligny, and Montmorency, till they broke out into open conflict, and then to leave them to fight it out and slaughter each other in the streets of Paris. During this confused discussion, the King listened in obstinate and gloomy silence, while the Queen-mother at his ear was busily employed urging upon him every consideration which could awaken his anger, his jealousy, or his apprehensions. She represented the ill-suppressed rage and violence of the Hugonots; recalled the terrible days of Amboise and Meaux; assured him that they were at that very moment actually conspiring against the State, and that the Admiral had, as she was

well informed, despatched emissaries into Germany and Switzerland to levy 10,000 reisters and 10,000 of the Swiss infantry. On the other hand, she painted the Catholics alarmed and indignant—resolved to resist the Hugonot ascendancy, and prepared to enter into a league offensive and defensive, and elect a captain and a leader of their own, to defend them upon the slightest suspicion of collusion between the King and the Admiral; and she described him as standing alone, deserted and defenceless, to perish amid contending factions, leaving his family and his kingdom in ruins. The only remedy she could suggest in this dilemma was, to cut the Gordian knot of circumstance by a crime; and she ended by declaring, that the sole means of escape from the evils which surrounded them would be to make away with the Admiral at once, saying that with him the designs and enterprises of the Hugonots and the jealousies of the Catholics would speedily come to an end. The King, as Henry III. (then Duke D'Anjou) tells us, at length seemed moved by all this reasoning, but requested, that before deciding upon an affair of this importance, he might hear the opinion of all present. "Now those who spoke first were all of opinion that it should be done as was proposed; but when it came to the turn of Maréchal de Retz, il trompa bien notre espérance, and gave excellent reasons against it; shewing that the Admiral's death must infallibly be the occasion of new wars, and that treachery like this would cover the King with eternal and indelible infamy." But no one seconded him; so that, having recovered their countenance and spirits a little from the confusion into which these remarks had thrown them, all talking together, they silenced De Retz. We may picture to ourselves the gloomy countenance of the wretched Charles, listening with a sort of sarcastic impatience while crimes in their different degrees and consequences were thus coolly discussed and canvassed before him. Suddenly the blood seemed to mount into his head. "Nous reconnus à l'instant une soudaine mutation, et merveilleuse et étrange métamorphose au Roi. It was now our turn to hold him in: springing suddenly up, shouting with rage and fury, he swore with a terrible oath, 'That since they thought it right to kill the Admiral, they might do as they would; but of this he was resolved, that every Hugonot in France should perish with him; for not one should be left to reproach him with the murder;' and rushing furiously out, he left us in the cabinet; where we employed ourselves the remainder of that day and a good part of the night in arranging the measures we thought advisable for carrying the enterprise into execution."

Let us turn to a more pleasing scene. The translation of the Psalms alluded to was MAROT'S.

The King and Queen of Navarre loved to pass their evenings in this pleasant field—the Pré aux Clercs,—and to listen to these psalms, as sung in the open air, and repeated by choruses of three or four hundred of their persuasion. One night is especially commemorated, when, returning to their hotel, they were accompanied through the streets of Paris by a crowd of a thousand people, filling the air with their rapturous religious melodies, to which even the Catholics were, many of them, thought to listen with a dangerous pleasure. The Psalms, as translated by Marôt, had been indeed adopted with a sort of passion by people of all ranks and persuasions. Not only were they considered by the Calvinists as a very important part of religious worship, but the members of the most profligate court in the universe delighted to use them. Each one had his favourite verse or verses, which he appropriated, as it were, to himself. Henry the Second, when out hunting, sang that beginning "*Comme on oit le cerf bruir.*" The Duchess de Valentinois took "*Du fond de ma pensée; Anthony of Navarre, "Reranche moi de ma querelle."* And Catherine de Médicis was reminded, long afterwards, by some of the unfortunate victims of her devious policy, how, under the affections of her unhappy marriage, she had particularly affected the 7th Psalm, and had loved to hear sung

Vers l'Eternel des opprésés le père
Je m'en irai lui montrant l'impropre que l'on me fait.

The Massacre of St. Bartholomew fills a large space in these pages. The author comes to the conclusion that CHARLES was not cognizant of the tragedy until it was too late to be prevented, and that he was purposely kept in ignorance of it by the QUEEN MOTHER. The scene that ensued between them when she told him of the terrible deed that was to be done is thus related:—

The Queen endeavoured to arouse him by every means in her power, endeavouring by arts she too well understood to irritate once more his fiercer passions, and silence the remorseful and relenting feelings of nature—striving with her usual wicked sophistry to colour crime by a pretence of justice and necessity. "She asked him," says D'Aubigné, "whether it were not best at once to tear corrupted members from the bosom of the Church—the blessed spouse of our Lord—and repeated, after a celebrated Italian divine, that abominable sentiment, so often and so easily perverted—*Che pietà lor ser crudeltà, crudeltà lor ser pietà.*" She again represented the critical situation of his affairs, and how bitterly he would repent if he suffered the present opportunity to escape him: thus striving to stifle that cry of outraged conscience which, in spite of all her efforts, would make itself heard in the bosom of her wretched son. At last she succeeded in dragging the last fatal order from his lips. The moment it was obtained she was impatient to begin. It yet wanted an hour and a half of day-break, when the appointed signal was to be given upon the tocsin of the Hall of Justice. But the interval appeared too long for her fears; and, as the distance to the Palais de Justice was considerable, she commanded the tocsin of St. Germain-de-l'Auxerrois, which is close upon the Louvre, to be sounded in its place, and the dreadful alarm to be given without loss of time. This order being issued, a pause of perfect silence ensued. And then those three guilty creatures—the Queen and her two miserable sons—crept to a small closet over the gate of the Louvre, and, opening a window, looked uneasily out into the night. But all was silent as the grave. Suddenly a pistol-shot was heard. "I know not from whence" says the Duke d'Anjou (for it is his account which I am following), "nor if it wounded any one; but this I know, the report struck us all three, *telle-ment dans l'esprit qu'il offensa notre sens et notre jugement*,—in such a manner that it seemed to take away both sense and judgment. Seized at once with terror and apprehension at the idea of those great disorders about to be committed, we sent down a gentleman in much haste to tell the Duke de Guise to proceed no further against the Admiral—which would have prevented all that followed. But the order came too late—Guise was already gone."

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of the Private Life and Opinions of Louisa Queen of Prussia, Consort of Frederick William III. By Mrs. CHARLES RICHARDSON. London, 1847.

LOUISA, the Queen of WILLIAM III. of Prussia, was born in the year 1776. She was nearly related to the royal family of England, her father being the Grand-Duke of MECKLENBURG STRELITZ. She was married very early in life to the Crown Prince of Prussia, to whom she was introduced at Frankfort, and their union had this peculiarity, that it was not made for family convenience, nor was it the result of political intrigue, but it was really a love-match. The young people formed a strong and mutual attachment, which had the good fortune to be favoured by all the circumstances to which it generally is the fate of princes to succumb. This is the account the king used to give of

HIS FIRST LOVE.

The king would revert with mournful pleasure

to the sensations of admiration with which the first interview with his lost queen had inspired him. It had produced so powerful an impression that it ever remained palpably distinct in his memory. He said: "The first moment of acquaintance was the moment of reciprocal inclination; and an inward voice whispered, It is she or none other in this world. I once," continued the king, "read something of Schiller's which expressed exquisitely and truly that feeling of secret sympathy which in kindred hearts is excited by the first glance; as was the case with me and my sainted Louisa when we beheld each other for the first time in Frankfort, as we both afterwards acknowledged. It was no sickly sentiment, but a distinct consciousness of that sensation which at the same moment caused a thrill of delight in our hearts. My God! how much has happened since the first tear of joy that glistened in our eyes at our first meeting, and these mournful tears with which I now bewail her loss. I know well that these sympathetic feelings are the sweet blossoms of a youthful love which are only felt once, and never again return. I willingly fall back on these recollections, and should have liked to read that passage of Schiller's again; but I have never been able to find it."

Her education had been excellent. She was accomplished in all the learning of her time, and used her knowledge without the slightest affectation of the blue.

A ROYAL EDUCATION.

She read *Gibbon's Decline of the Roman Empire* with profound meditation and corresponding advantage; ancient history occupied her attention at that time, and strengthened her mind. The history of England also interested her greatly. We shall see, at a later period, how deeply the history of Germany affected her, and how some characters amongst her predecessors inspired her with enthusiasm. She read with pleasure Schiller's collection of memoirs; but with especial delight those witty and valuable memoirs for which France is so celebrated—those treasures of information to the political and practical world, whence we may trace the causes which preceded and induced the memorable events which followed. She was much pleased with translations from the classics, especially from the old Greek tragedy; and it was natural that the grand, powerful, and energetic views of the classical writers of antiquity should have possessed great attractions for her noble mind. Shakspeare's historical plays and purely poetical creations had an equal charm for her: the rich and peculiar dominion in which he reigned, and the grand objects which he presents to us, addressed themselves to her intellect, whilst her mind was capable of ascending to the sublime heights of his poetry in its most elevated flights. It was a summit on which she delighted to rest: for a vivid imagination can only repose in the regions of true sublimity.

Queen LOUISA owed much of her reputation to the hostility of NAPOLEON; her troubles and reverses during the French wars are very minutely detailed—indeed, somewhat tediously, for a great deal of the small gossip with which these pages are crowded, might have been advantageously excluded. The amiability of her temper, the kindness of her heart, the elegance of her manners, were universally acknowledged. A pleasing specimen is the following of

DOMESTIC LIFE AT A COURT.

There is something unnatural in those forms which interpose like a screen between a royal couple. The king disliked restraint, and would not submit to the forms of a courtly etiquette; with his satirical gravity he broke through them; the queen, with her bounding spirits, leapt over them; both, according to their different dispositions, exhibiting the same unity of thought, confidence, and affection. The Oberhofmeisterin, the Countess Von Vosz, whose duty, by virtue of her position in the household, was to carry out all the ceremonials of royalty, was in despair at this disregard of rules.

She delighted in the forms of etiquette herself, and was of opinion that every good thing must be surrounded by a protecting barrier in order to preserve it from desecration; and she constantly instanced the example of the French court as a proof of the evils arising from the neglect of good old rules. Without the formula or etiquette, according to her ideas, there could be no distinction or dignity, and every thing must degenerate into confusion, and all respect become annihilated. The Crown Prince had a peculiarly dry and humorous manner of teasing the Countess, without allowing her to guess what he was aiming at; and on these occasions, his features assumed a serio-comic expression that was very pleasing. "Well, then," he said one day to the Countess, "I will yield to custom; and, in order to give you a proof, I beg of you, Countess, to be kind enough to announce me, and to ask if I may have the honour of speaking with my consort, her Royal Highness the Crown Princess. I wish you to present my compliments to her, and hope she will be graciously pleased to receive them." The Countess was enchanted with the idea of the courtly etiquette becoming established, and prepared to execute her commission with all due ceremony; and having arrived full of the importance of her mission, not doubting that a favourable reply would also be intrusted to her as the medium of the negotiation for an audience, she entered the royal apartment; and there, to her great amazement, she beheld the Crown Prince, who had arrived long before her, laughing heartily with the Crown Princess, as they were walking hand-in-hand up and down the saloon. The Prince, in a peal of merriment, cried out—

"Look you, now, my good Vosz, my wife and I can see and speak with each other unannounced whenever we choose; and this is as it should be, according to all good Christian usages. But you are a charming Oberhofmeisterin, and for the future you shall be called 'Dame d'Etiquette.'" One day there was a question as to the ceremonial required for the reception of the congratulations of a foreign court, which was to take place with all due forms of etiquette in Berlin the following day. The Countess von Vosz, who knew the minutest details in all such cases, remarked, that on such a grand occasion the state carriages should be used; and that the king and queen must have the royal state carriage, with eight horses richly caparisoned, two state coachmen, and three state footmen, in their best state livery. "Well," said the king, "you may order it as you will." The next morning, when the brilliant equipage came up, the king put the Countess into the carriage, shut the door very suddenly, and cried out to the coachman, "Go on!" He then jumped into his own ordinary open carriage, with two horses only, which he was in the habit of driving himself, and thus drove the queen immediately behind the Countess in the state carriage, amidst the laughter and delight of the bystanders.

Here is another charming anecdote of

REGAL HOSPITALITY.

One fine day in the summer of 1799, two English gentlemen on their travels rowed to the Peacock Island, unaware that the royal family were staying there, and consequently ignorant of the interdiction. They had landed at a point of the island some distance from the ferry, and were strolling about, when the then Court Chamberlain, Von Massow, saw them, and they were desired to quit the island instantly by the same way they came. They, however, deviated from the direct path to the boat; and were met by a gentleman and lady unattended, so simple in their dress and deportment that the strangers had no idea who they were. When they met, the unknown gentleman said, "How do you like the island?" Expressing themselves in raptures as to its position and embellishments, the unknown lady, with much affability, invited the strangers to accompany them, as they could point out all that was remarkable. "We should be delighted," replied the Englishmen, "had not the Marshal, peremptorily ordered us to quit the island, the King and Queen being here." "Matters are

not quite so formidable," said the lady; "come with us: we will undertake to excuse you with M. Von Massow, who is our intimate friend." An animated conversation ensued, in which the lady spoke enthusiastically of England, and seemed to enjoy the free and critical remarks made by the Englishmen in reply: but great was their astonishment, on approaching the château, to see the chamberlain advancing to announce breakfast. Aware now that they had been in company with the king and queen, they would have apologised; but the condescension of the queen calmed their apprehensions of having been too familiar; and what little fear remained was wholly banished on the king saying—"Enter, gentlemen; you'll take breakfast with us? After such a charming stroll, methinks some refreshment will be desirable."

Equally interesting is this reminiscence of

THE QUEEN AND THE VETERAN.

The bosom friend of the king during his life was the General Von Köckeritz; he was consequently a daily guest at the royal table, and treated as a member of the family. The queen had remarked for some time past that the good old man retired earlier than formerly, and sooner than was agreeable to the king, who liked to have his society for some time after the dinner was removed. The queen asked the reason; but the king merely said, "Let the brave old man do as he likes; perhaps after dinner he prefers repose in private." The queen, however, with her restless activity, soon found out the reason of his early departure: it had become necessary to the good old soldier, from long habit, to smoke his pipe immediately after dinner, and he retired therefore, to indulge this (to him) physical necessity. On the following day, when he was as usual excusing himself from remaining longer, the queen hastened forward, and, with her sweet face full of merriment, placed a well-filled pipe, with matches to light it, in the hands of Köckeritz; saying, "My good old friend, to-day you don't escape us. You must smoke your pipe with us here. Now, then, commence at once." The king cast a glance of affectionate approbation at the queen; saying, "Dear Louisa, you have done that admirably." The faithful subject accepted the permission to smoke his accustomed pipe with gratitude; and he ever after continued to avail himself of this privilege.

She died, as it is said, of a broken heart in 1810, four years after her misfortunes had passed away, and when a happy future was opening upon her. It was not altogether a figurative destruction of that organ. On a *post mortem* examination "several polypous excrescences were found in the heart, which had grown into it with two thick branches."

The closing scene of her career from her return to the home of her childhood is thus eloquently and feelingly described.

THE DEATH OF QUEEN LOUISA.

No pompous preparations had been made to receive her; but flowers and evergreens, which the people had arranged after their own fancy, were tastefully disposed, to create a pleasing impression on the queen's mind, on her entrance into her father's capital, and to show her that the day was regarded as a fête by all classes. No words could convey the impression which was made by the queen. To understand it thoroughly, her whole being, her pure and child-like nature must be understood. "Our joy at her presence was indescribable," says Adam Müller, "as our sorrow for her irreparable loss." At the entrance of the palace she was received by her grandmother. She had not seen her for some years, for the landgrave had not been able, on account of her great age, to accompany the duke to Berlin, on the occasion of the public entry of his daughter from Königsberg. The moment the queen saw her, she sprang from the carriage into the arms of this beloved and faithful guardian of her childhood, and both wept tears of joy, mingled with an unaccountable sensation of deep sadness. As the queen wished to spend the greater part of her time in the domestic circle of her own family,

one day only was allotted for a public reception, and on the 27th a court was held. When the queen made her appearance, every one was enchanted with her at the first glance. The majesty, the gentleness, the suavity of her manner, are not to be described. She seemed a being tried and approved, whose ordeal was already passed, and who was only bound to earth by ties of strong affection for its inhabitants. The words of an eye witness are these:—"I had not seen her for seven years, and she might have appeared in many eyes more lovely when I last saw her, but to me she had only now arrived at perfection. Her beautiful and noble features wore the impress of deep affliction, and when she cast her eyes upwards, they expressed, perhaps involuntarily, a longing for her native home in heaven. She greeted me as an old acquaintance, and all her expressions manifested her joy at being her father's guest, encircled by her family. After dinner I was standing with some ladies of her intimate acquaintance, and as she came towards us we admired her pearls. 'I prize them very much also,' said she, 'and have retained them only of all my jewels; for circumstances required I should give up my brilliants. Pearls are more suitable for me, for they signify tears, and I have shed so many.'" She shewed us the king's miniature with emotion—"It is the one that resembles him the most of any that I possess," continued she, "therefore I always wear it." A young friend of the queen's, whose bodily infirmities prevented her from appearing at court, obtained permission to come to her before noon, and was received with the same cordiality the queen used formerly to manifest to her; and with the sincerity and frankness which distinguished her, the queen spoke of her past sufferings and her many bitter trials. Every thing which this noble woman communicated in confidence to her friend, completely proved that she came forth out of all her trials and afflictions a heroine, and that unmerited misfortunes might destroy her health and shorten her life, but could not crush her spirit or debase her mind.

On the following day, the 28th of June, the king arrived, and was received by the queen with manifestations of delight. She declared many times her extreme happiness in seeing her husband her father's guest, and in finding herself at home, as a daughter of the house of Mecklenburg. The family were assembled in the duke's apartment, and all accompanied the king to see the chapel of the palace, except the queen and her eldest brother. They had been some time engaged in cheerful conversation, when she exclaimed in the fulness of her heart—"Dear George, now at last I am completely happy!" And sitting down to her father's writing-table, she wrote the following lines:—

"Mon cher père,

"Je suis bien heureuse aujourd'hui comme votre fille, et comme l'épouse du meilleur des époux!"

"Neu-Strelitz,

LOUISA.

"ce 28 Juin, 1810."

"These were the last words she ever wrote, and have become sacred relics to her family. It may appear strange that this thoroughly German princess should have written her inmost feelings in a foreign language, and not in the powerful and touchingly expressive language of her own people. But old, though fading illusions, had influenced her education, and the long habits of her youth governed her riper years. It is, nevertheless, certain that in spirit and truth she was a genuine German." Her illness increased, and took a threatening turn. On Sunday, July the 1st, she was bled, and on the following evening being considerably worse, and feeling much oppression on the chest, she expressed an earnest desire to be bled. Doctor Hieronymi deferred it until the next morning, and the queen awaited the moment with impatience. During the bleeding, which took place in the presence of the Princess of Solms and one female attendant only, she fell into a deep swoon, from which, however, she soon rallied. This was on Sunday, the 1st of July. On the following day, she appeared so much relieved, that the king, whose presence in Berlin was required on many important matters, arranged to set off thither early on the morrow, Tuesday the 3rd. Alas! he little anticipated that he should

only behold his beloved consort again in the hour of death! He left Hohenzieritz, in the hope of returning in a few days, to accompany his convalescent consort to Berlin. The queen's condition, on the following day, was much worse, for her cough was incessant, accompanied by increased fever. Her mind, however, remained perfectly tranquil, and she bore her sleepless nights with the most exemplary patience, frequently repeating hymns to beguile the weary hours, which she had learned in her childhood. It was hoped that a favourable crisis might take place on the ninth day of the disease, and the violence of the disorder did seem to abate in the course of the week: the fever became less severe, and the cough less distressing; still the invalid remained in a state of great exhaustion, frequently fainting during the exertion of rising, and even when her couch was being arranged.

During the progress of the disorder, she was always affectionate, gentle, and patient, preferring to be alone or with few around her; the presence of many persons excited and oppressed her. With her grandmother she often referred to occurrences of her early youth; and she dwelt much on recollections of her mother, whose image had never faded from her mind, and whose memory she had ever cherished with emotions of gratitude. On the eleventh or twelfth day of her disease, the cause of the violent fever and oppression manifested itself: an abscess on the lungs broke, and the discharge was very considerable. The Hofrath Hieronymi, and the Privy Counsellor, Doctor Heim, who had been sent by the king to bring him personal information of the queen's condition, both agreed that the patient might now be saved if other abscesses did not form. The hope was fallacious. She had another attack of spasms on the morning of the 17th, but less violent, every known remedy being employed to assuage their effects. Still the queen seemed to apprehend no danger. She received a letter from the king at this time, and her delight was so great, that she exclaimed many times, "What a letter! ah, what a joy it is to receive such a letter!" Her desire to see the king was intense, and she thought it so long to wait until Friday, that she received the intelligence of his speedy arrival with absolute rapture. The afternoon of Tuesday was calm; but the night was sleepless, and attended with violent fever; yet her mind remained firm and unruffled, and she placed the greatest reliance on the remedies employed to prevent the return of the spasms. In all her sufferings she was ever the same; patient during the pain, and thanking God with the pious simplicity of a child when she experienced any relief. The transient nature of all human greatness she expressed thus truly and forcibly: "Of what avail is all earthly greatness? I am a queen, but I cannot move my own arms." Wednesday, the 18th, passed with intermitting spasms; but during the short intervals of suffering, although her respiration was difficult, the calm and clear expression which still beamed in her eyes rendered it almost impossible to believe her dissolution to be so near. Every remedy was tried to prevent the spasms, but without effect. The queen sighed at times, and said, "Air! air!" but not a sign of impatience escaped her, although she had violent fever, and earnestly longed to assuage her continual thirst. She complained very gently of her present condition. The Princess of Solms said to her, "Dear Louisa, dost thou suffer much?" The queen replied, "Ah, no! but such a cessation of existence!" She asked "Whether the sun would soon rise?" and "Whether it would be a dull or a bright day?" She was told it was a clouded morning: and she who loved the warm sunshine so well, was thankful, for she hoped a cool day might bring some mitigation to the violence of her fever.

On Wednesday night, the 18th, the first apprehension of death seemed to enter her mind. Thoughtfully, and with her finger uplifted, she said to Heim, who was sitting near her bed, "Oh! if I were to be taken from the king and my children!" She thought only of her beloved ones, not of herself; she did not utter an expression of regret for thus perishing in the bloom of life. Up to this

time she had manifested no apprehension of her approaching dissolution. The night of the 18th commenced tranquilly, and the queen had some sleep; the whole family were watching, except the duke, who by desire of the doctors had retired to his bed to repose, not to sleep. About three o'clock in the morning of the 19th, the queen became very restless, and the spasms returned. They called the duke as he had desired; and when he received the intelligence of her approaching dissolution, he said devoutly, "Lord, thy ways are not our ways." About four o'clock, the king, with his two elder sons, arrived. The extreme danger of his expiring consort had only been announced to him during his journey. Up to that time, through a mistaken idea of sparing his feelings, its extent had been concealed from him. Immediately on awaking, the queen spoke of the king, who, she had been told, would arrive on the following day; and she now lamented that he would find her so ill. Her ardent desire to see him momentarily increased; and at last the Privy Counsellor Heim announced his arrival. The king had asked, on entering the palace, the real state of the queen; and had received from the physician the terrible reply, that, according to human experience, there was no hope. The king on receiving this mournful intelligence made a great effort to preserve his outward composure. How much his feelings were lacerated is apparent from his reply to the queen's grandmother, who endeavoured to console him, by reminding him that the queen still lived, and therefore there was hope; for that to God's almighty power nothing was impossible. "Oh!" said he, "if she were not *mine*, she might recover; but as she is *my* wife, she will certainly die." The king immediately repaired to the chamber of his dying consort. He embraced her with intense affection; but he trembled violently, and could not speak from excess of emotion. The queen, who had never seen his firmness shaken, nor any exhibition of weakness during their misfortunes, was agitated by the sight of his emotion. She said to him, "Why art thou so agitated? Am I then in such great danger?" The king, seeing the necessity of tranquillising her, endeavoured to suppress his own feelings, and assured her that he was thus agitated because he saw how much she had suffered, but that he entertained sanguine hopes, adding, "God be praised that I am here." Tears of joy now streamed from the queen's eyes. She said, "How didst thou come? Not in an open carriage, I hope, with thy fever?" The king replied in the affirmative. "Who came with thee?" "Fritz and Wilhelm," replied the king. "Oh, what joy! to see my dear children," said the queen.

The king, no longer able to control his feelings, retired for a few minutes on pretext of bringing to her their two sons. Whilst he was absent, the queen said to her attendant, who was now alone with her, "I had promised myself much delight in the arrival of my husband, and I am thankful that he is here, but his arrival has agitated me greatly. His embrace was so fervent—so wild—that it seemed as if he would take his last farewell;—as if he were sure that I was dying. Tell him he must not be so agitated, or I shall die immediately." The king now returned with his two sons. The queen exclaimed, "My dear Fritz! my dear Wilhelm!" but could not say more to them at that moment. The noble youths wept in silence by the couch of their expiring mother, who gazed upon them with eyes full of maternal affection. She then endeavoured to question them about their brothers and sisters, but her spasms returned and the young princes were obliged to retire; the king remained. The last meeting of the king and queen and their sons has been thus simply and touchingly described by an eye-witness: "The king, who had been already apprised of the certainty of her approaching dissolution, seemed bowed to the earth with anguish. All that he had hitherto endured was as nothing compared to this great calamity, and could not be paralleled to the agony of the present moment. The spasms occasionally left a few moments of respite for the sufferer, and the king remained some time quite alone with his expiring consort. But as the hour of death drew nigh, the spasms returned. The

king opened the door, and called in the physicians; every remedy was employed, but in vain: the spasms increased. The fatal moment approached; the whole family were assembled in the queen's chamber: the king held her right hand; the Princess of Solms, kneeling on the other side, held her left. The three doctors, Heim, Hieronymi, and Görcke, stood near the bed. The queen complained of want of air, and Hieronymi advised her to stretch out her arms and lie higher. She replied 'That I cannot do,' and the doctor came to her assistance. For a moment she remained in this position; then sinking down again, she said, 'That does not relieve me either; for me there is no relief but in death.' After a little time, she exclaimed 'Lord Jesus, shorten my sufferings!' She breathed one deep sigh, and then expired. God called her soul gently back to him, and the sweet form which had been animated by it, remained in calm repose, like a blessed spirit sunk in profound sleep. It was nine o'clock on the morning of the 19th of July."

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Notes from a Journal kept in Italy and Sicily during the years 1844 to 1846. By J. G. FRANCIS, B.A. London, 1847.

MR. FRANCIS offers little novelty of subject, but much in its treatment. He has an observant eye and a reflecting mind, and he writes like an accomplished scholar, whose tastes are not all artificial. His ramble in Italy will interest even those to whom all that he describes is familiar, for he presents it in a new aspect, and we are attracted by Mr. FRANCIS's view of it where we care nought about a description of the object itself. In Sicily he is treading ground less worn by tourist authors, and here he is peculiarly amusing, while his occasional disquisitions on classical themes are marked by much good sense, and excite thought if they do not satisfy it. It is a volume that will please the scholar greatly, and the general reader will find himself attracted onward by the grace of the manner as much as by the fullness of information in the matter. As specimens of both we take a few passages—all that we can find room for amid the pressure of other claims. Thus his account of

VESUVIUS.

The cone surmounted, we stood on the edge of a dark crater some two miles in circuit, and of no great depth. We experienced new sensations in traversing the fissured crust which covers it. Half-cold cinders were crackling around us; at every other step we saw through partial rents the red-hot lava flowing in the direction of the sea, and momentary explosions broke on our ears as the subterranean gas escaped. The general aspect was that of the bed of some vast furnace, where sulphur has streaked the cooling masses with orange and verditer, and impregnated the jets of smoke which burst through apertures in its sides and bottom. I climbed the chimney, a black hillock heaped with ashes about forty feet in height, and walking round its edge looked into the mouth of the funnel. It was a lake of fire: volleys of smoke whirled up from it; occasionally came a gush of flame with fumes of brimstone, and every now and then a shower of something like lighted rags, only heavier. At ten feet distance the heat, even to windward, was suffocating, and my feet were half grilled. The flame, which is intermittent, probably resembles that which plays on the surface of ignited alcohol. I thrust a stout stick into a crevice in the chimney's side: it took fire instantly; this argues a great degree of heat. No written description conveys an adequate idea of such a scene. I think, however, that a glacier is a more supernatural kind of thing: the sensations produced by fire and smoke are familiar to those who have witnessed a conflagration, or visited a coal and iron district; but the death-like stillness, the benumbing chill which possess you on a glacier, are something unwonted

and mysterious. The streaked veins, too, in the ice and the deep precipitous clefts, are perhaps as horribly beautiful as the sulphureous lavas.

At Ischia we find the following clever picture of

DEPARTING SUMMER.

How hard it is to say farewell for ever to a dear friend; and such has this pretty island now become to us. A summer season has flown by since we first set foot on the Epomeo: the myrtles were then in bloom, and the arbutus was putting forth its tender shoots to solace the goats: now the purple berry hangs on the myrtle, and the arbutus bears clusters of ripe fruit like the largest coral bead. The becafique has given place to the quail, and the quail to the woodcock; and already the water-rail and speckled thrush, sure precursors of winter, are found in the neighbourhood. The glorious sunsets in the sea have been succeeded by the flushes and lurid gleams which attend a storm on the Mediterranean; and chestnut woods skirting the Epomeo are no longer dark green, but an amber red. The shifting of the season is visible in tokens yet more familiar: the pretty moth so abundant here, which the householders call "angiolio," and regard as a lucky fairy, is less lively; he no longer hums round our curtains or creeps in and out of the keyhole, but has taken to dozing on the window-pane; the lizard from a restless flirt has become a shy retiring scout; and my special pets, the two gigantic sphynxes, whom I have so often caught and released again, have paid their last visit to the bush of crimson marguerites in the garden. We have seen Nature come and go in some of her most winning aspects, and would not like to wait her utter decrepitude in the fall of the year. Winter here is a terrible time: we are assured that every road is broken up, and the mountain-paths become utterly impassable from the fury of the torrents which then pour down the sides of the Epomeo. We have, indeed, witnessed one specimen lately of what they call their "cattivo tempo": the storm burst forth about nine p.m. and lasted till one in the morning; the rain fell in absolute spouts of water, and the glare of the lightnings with the prolonged bellowing of the thunder among the crags was awful; the Epomeo seemed like a tremendous battery on a battle-day.

Mr. FRANCIS gives a lamentable account of the lazy and improvident habits of the Sicilians. Writing from Ischia, he thus speaks of them:—

SICILIAN IMPROVIDENCE.

Distress they could scarcely escape; but their improvident habits aggravate it a hundredfold. Take a populous instance, the donkey-men; these will earn, one day with another during four months, from June to September inclusive, a dollar a day each of them: of this their donkey will require less than a tenth, and their family, with management, not quite half. They might therefore lay by in these four months sixty dollars—above ten guineas of our money, but which goes as far as five-and-twenty here. I am sorry to say they never lay by a farthing, serious as they know the "rainy day" will prove. Misery follows: of course they must live all the winter on tick; and the roguish tradesmen, who are generally Neapolitan speculators, take advantage to charge them interest, cheat them in the price, and put them off with a bad article into the bargain. In an argument with the father of a family on this subject the other day, when I spoke of the coming distress he said, "Dio me ne guardi!" when I asked him what he would do, it was "Iddio sa." But when I exhorted him to lay by out of his actual summer receipts, he replied, with a shrug of the shoulders, "Non si può." Next day was his "giorno di nome," (day of the saint whose name he bears); and I saw him ludicrously tipsy, dressed like a merryandrew, and singing aloud between the mouthfuls of macaroni which he kept swallowing. I doubt not he spent on that day all the ready cash he had, and perhaps borrowed more; for which latter he will have to pay interest.

We hope to welcome Mr. FRANCIS again with notes brought home from some less fre-

quented route. He has many of the qualifications for a Tourist.

POETRY.

Poems. By JOHN LOYD, Esq. 1847. London: Longman and Co.; Llandoverly: W. Rees.

Elodie, and other Poems. By HESTER ANNIE LAWTON. 1847. London: Longman and Co.; Birmingham: Ragg.

The Slave Trade, and other Poems. By JOHN BURBIDGE. London: Jackson.

The Love Test, and other Tales and Poems. By B. LAMBERT. London, 1847. Hurst.

The Bride of Imael; or, Irish Love and Saxon Beauty: a Poem of the times of Richard the Second. By JANE EMILY HERBERT, Author of "Poetical Recollections of Irish History." 1847. Dublin: W. Curry, Jun. and Co.; London: Longman and Co.; Edinburgh: Fraser and Co.

MORE verse, and yet more. The gaudy volumes throng around us in garbs of green, and gold, and crimson, farther recommended by the most beautiful type on the finest paper. Were the matter but half as attractive as the form, we should hail their advent with pleasure; but alas! when we have scanned the binding and the print we have generally seen the best. Seldom, in the discharge of our critical office, do we feel ourselves afflicted with such a weariness of the spirit as when we sit down to the perusal of a volume of the sort of *poetry* that forms our ordinary fare in this department of literature. We wish that each lady or gentleman afflicted with the rhyming mania were compelled to read a dozen such volumes, and we are not without hopes that such a task might in a great measure lessen the labour of the never-ending one which these gentry mercilessly impose upon the poor critic.

We do not, however, mean to say that the authors and authoresses of the above volumes have actually entailed upon themselves the charge of folly. Their verses are not worse than the average—and are certainly superior to many that we have met with. Their demerits are rather negative than positive. We proceed, however, to a separate examination of their claims—which are not all equal.

Mr. LOYD's poems are various in their merit. Some are the merest common-place, whilst others, though possessing nothing original or striking, have yet a kind of prettiness. Witness these verses, entitled

THE MIDNIGHT HOUR.

When sleep, at the still midnight hour,
The restless pillow flies,
Her boldest flight—her stretch of power
Imagination tries.

The very silence audible,
Seems on the ear to chime
As though it were a still small bell
Tolling the march of time.

Then is the hour to think of those
Far absent o'er the main,
The friends we loved in earlier years,
And ne'er may see again;

To ponder on their weal or woe,
Advancement or decay,
And marvel if they think of us
To them, the far away.

Then too, the still and solemn hour
To muse upon the dead;
To treasure up their looks, their words,—
The last they ever said.

The parent's love, too oft, alas!
Unheeded when possessed,
Remembered in that silent hour,
Sinks deeper in the breast.

The loved, lost child, that suffering still,
Still daily dearer grew,
That hour in all its winning ways
Recalls again to view.

Then welcome the still midnight hour,
With its silence and its gloom,
That thus can heighten memory's power,
And triumph o'er the tomb.

Elodie, and the accompanying poems, are the work of a very young lady,—at this time, she informs us, only twenty years of age; but the dates appended to the poems shew us that many of them were written at a much earlier period of life. Now, though these for the most part, age considered, are very creditable performances, they do not contain sufficient positive merit to have justified Miss LAWTON in presenting them to the public,—indeed, we think she would have acted much more wisely had she refrained from taking this step for some years. Miss LAWTON possesses a considerable share of poetic feeling and genuine enthusiasm, an abundance of words (she is indeed far too lavish of epithets and similes), and some share of imagination. She must, however, if she desires to write anything worth reading, write less and think more. All that is valuable in her two hundred and thirty pages, might, we are certain, have been contained in a dozen. Miss LAWTON must also learn to correct her works. She states that her neglect of this duty proceeds from "an absolute inability to read critically what was written without consideration or reflection." It is a good general rule that what is written without consideration or reflection, is not worth reading, and will not serve even "to amuse an idle hour," which, it seems, is the purpose of the young authoress. We now assure her, that if she aims at any degree of excellence, she positively must acquire the ability to criticise and correct her own works. We are aware that it is a disagreeable task, but it is one, nevertheless, to which it is absolutely necessary to submit. She would also act wisely to omit such verses as are addressed to members of her family, and her private friends. They were welcome gifts, we doubt not, to the receivers; but, to the public, they are totally uninteresting. We are also a little amused at our authoress's excessive admiration of, and enthusiasm for, the military profession. It smacks not a little of the boarding-school, or, at least, of the garrison town—by no means the most favourable nursery for the development of the young female mind. And now, we fear, Miss LAWTON may have thought us unnecessarily severe; but it is because we think we perceive in her the power of achieving something superior to any thing she has yet performed, that we have been thus particular in pointing out her defects. She has some poetry in her.

The author of *The Slave Trade* is a well-meaning man. All right-thinking persons must cordially participate in his abhorrence of this infamous and criminal traffic. We do not think, however, that his poem is calculated to strengthen this sentiment, as the arguments are the most hackneyed, and the poetry of a very inferior order,—indeed, properly speaking, not poetry at all. We advise Mr. BURBIDGE to direct his philanthropic feelings in some other channel than that of verse-making.

The Love Test is a tale in verse, possessing as absurd a plot as it was ever our lot to meet with; and scarcely, we think, very moral: that is to say, it is dangerous to teach, as it does incidentally, the doctrine that chance may repair our deviations from the rule of right; or that the wicked are punished otherwise than by the natural consequences of their crimes. Mr. LAMBERT's versification is smooth, and some of the smaller poems read not unpleasantly. Many have asked

WHY IS IT?

Why is it, when the summer sky
Shines brightest, and the flowers are gay,
There'll steal upon the air a sigh
Upon our hearts that seems to weigh?
Why, when the zephyr scarcely blows,
And there is not a cloud in heaven,
O'er us the dread of evil grows,—
The spirit unto sadness given?

Why, while the sun breathes light on all,
And nature's full of melody,
Seems there above to hang a pall,—
A wintry darkness in the sky?
Why dwells the thought upon the tomb,
When Beauty smiles in every flower;
Why does the spirit feel a gloom
In Nature's fairest, loveliest hour?

Why is it, in the face of home,
When pleasure beams from many an eye,
In hours when not a grief can come,
Unconsciously we heave a sigh!
Why is it that a prophet seems
Within our hearts to whisper woe,
When fair as gentle moonlight streams
Within us Joy and Peace should flow?

I know not wherefore;—yet in hours
Of mirth and glorious revelry,
In Beauty's haunt,—midst nature's flowers,
While birds are singing merrily,
Oft has there crept upon my heart
A feeling of deep sadness,
That as it comes will so depart—
A kind of partial madness!

The Bride of Imael, is a metrical romance, after the style of SCOTT, and is intended to illustrate Irish history in the fourteenth century, during the times of RICHARD the SECOND of England. Miss HERBERT wields a graceful pen, and is possessed by a spirit of genuine Irish enthusiasm, free, however, from patriotic bigotry. The object in her present work is to aid in the destruction of the disunion of the two nations by promoting sympathy, and awakening, even with regard to the past, corresponding sentiments and emotions,—a praiseworthy aim certainly, and one in which we most cordially wish her success. But of this, we think, she would have had greater chance had she somewhat abridged her tale. It is so spun out as to be somewhat tedious. Miss HERBERT would also do well to study perspicuity a little more in the composition and arrangement of her narrative. When we take up a philosophical work, or even a volume of abstract poetry, we calculate upon having to make a mental effort; but the case is different with a romantic legend. A work of this nature ought not to be a mental exercise, but a mental relaxation. We have not met with Miss HERBERT's former work; but should think her talents better adapted for the composition of detached pieces, than for a long poem, where the interest and the characters require to be sustained. Miss HERBERT's peculiar merit lies in her nationality. She is *Irish all over*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Scenes and Thoughts in Europe. By an American. 8vo. London, 1847. Wiley and Putnam.

IN an intelligent American a pilgrimage to "the old country" should kindle feelings of veneration and respect similar to those which animate the European scholar on visiting the cradle and nurseries of learning. Thebes or Memphis, Athens or Rome. The parallel stops here; for the interest with which the philosopher regards the early abodes of science goes no further than association; whereas that existing between the transatlantic Saxon and England extends to relationship—to the claims of blood; and, if his heart be morally healthy, the instinct of affection when he journeys through the land of his forefathers—the birth-place of MILTON and SHAKSPEARE, BACON, and NEWTON, HARVEY, JENNER, and WATT,—will assert its presence and vindicate its nobility in a glow of pride, and an outpouring of fraternal cordiality.

Does the American literature afford evidence of this sympathy? Notwithstanding the selfishness which the *utilitarianism* of the Americans has infused into their writings, and the arrogance arising from the boastfulness of

the national character, upon the whole it does; and with the exception of WILLIS, and a few vulgar self-sufficient authors, the estimate they have given of this country, its society and manners, have been liberal and just. We have been led to these considerations by that portion of the extremely amusing book before us which describes the author's impressions and views on visiting England. Nothing is so difficult as to disenfranchise oneself of prejudice; nor so long as nature remains impassioned, can this be entirely accomplished. By examining both sides of a fact or argument with equal attention, tolerably fair conclusions may be obtained; and it is exactly proportionate to the care with which this has been done that the value of a writer's opinion is estimable. Your rapid and thoughtless tourist who throws off the crude ill-considered notions which occur to him on moving through the scenery and mixing among the society of a foreign land, is unjust to that country and people; and, by giving erroneous impressions harmful to those whom he addresses. To such a reproach the author of this volume is not obnoxious. His thought is ever mature and independent, oftentimes original, and never frivolous. By nature and observant and contemplative, candid, and generous, possessing a highly cultivated intellect, and a quick perception of beauty, whether moral or physical, he has produced by the aid of these qualifications a book of uncommon interest, and that will richly repay the reader for the time he may devote to it.

Whether the work is a reprint from an American edition (which we suspect is the case), or otherwise, we are not informed; nor are we anywhere assisted by the contents towards discovering who is the author. Unless from feelings of modesty, he need not shrink from the public eye. Before proceeding to the Continent, he spent some weeks in England; and below we give his description of the impression created upon him—an accomplished American—by the scenery and associations of England.

But a week since we were on the ocean, a month since, in the new world,—now, on the beaten sod of the old, young Americans enjoying old England. Every object within sight, raised by the hand of man, looks touched with antiquity; the grey stone wall with its coping of moss, the cottage ivy-screened, the Saxon church-tower. Even what is new, has't a new look. The modern mansion is melowered by architecture and tint into keeping with its older neighbours. To be old here, is to be respectable, and time-honoured is the epithet most coveted. You see no sign of the doings of yesterday or yesterday: the new is careful of obtruding itself, and comes into the world under matronage of the old. But the footprint of age is not traced in rust and decay. We are in free and thriving England, where time's accumulations are shaped by a busy, confident, sagacious hand, man co-working with nature at the "ceaseless loom of Time," so that little be wasted and little misspent. The English have a strong sympathy with rural nature. The capabilities of the landscape are developed and assisted with a loving and judicious eye, and the beautiful effects are visible not merely in the lordly domain or secluded pleasure-ground, where a single mind brings about a pre-determined end, but in the general aspect of the land. The thatched cottage, the broad castle, the simple lawn, the luxurious park, the scattered hamlet, the compact borough, all the features which make up the physiognomy of woody, mossy, rain-washed, England, harmonize with nature and with one another. * * Beautiful to behold is England on a sunny summer's day; so clean, so verdant, so full of quiet life, so fresh, wearing so lightly the garland of age! What a tree;—that cottage, how fragrant it looks through its flowers;—the turf about that church has been green for ages. Here is a thatched hamlet, its

open doors lighted with rosy faces at the sound of our wheels;—this avenue of oaks sets the imagination to building a mansion at the end of it. What town is that clustered around yon huge square tower? and the ear welcomes a familiar name, endeared by genius to the American heart. Such is a half-hour of one's progress through time-enriched England.

The author paid a visit to WORDSWORTH, and received many polite attentions from him. Here is a picture of WORDSWORTH.

I spent an hour to-day with Wordsworth. His look, talk, and bearing are just what a lover of his works would wish to find them. His manner is simple, earnest, manly. The noble head, large Roman nose, deep voice, and tall spare figure, make up an exterior that well befits him. He talked freely on topics that naturally came up on the occasion. He proposed that we should walk out into his grounds. What a site for a poet's abode! One more beautiful the earth could scarcely offer. A few acres give shifting views of the paradise about him, embracing the two lakes of Windermere and Grasmere. Would that you could have heard him sum up in hearty English the characteristics of the bounteous scene! We passed a small field of newly-cut hay, which labourers were turning;—"I have been at work there this morning," said Wordsworth, "and heated myself more than was prudent." In the garden a blackbird ran across our path: "I like birds better than fruit," said he; "they eat up my fruit, but repay me with their songs." By those who, like you, appreciate Wordsworth, these trifles will be prized as significant of his habits. I would not record them, did I believe that himself,—with knowledge of the feelings which to us make them valuable,—would regard the record as a violation of the sacred privacy of his home. A literary caterer might have seized upon much that would better have served a gossiping hireling's purpose.

Nothing further of material interest offers in the description of their subsequent meetings, walks, and conversations. A few weeks later our author met CARLYLE, with whose manners and appearance the world is less familiar than with the "Bard of Rydal," therefore, though the particulars are few, we transcribe them.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

On the way from Leamington to France we were again two days in London, where I then saw at his house one of the master-spirits of the age, Mr. Carlyle. His countenance is fresh, his bearing simple, and his frequent laugh most hearty. He has a wealth of talk, and is shrewd in speech as in print in detecting the truth in spite of concealments, and letting the air out of a *windbeutel*. Like the first meeting across the seas with a bountiful worldly benefactor,—except that the feeling is much finer, and admits of no gross admixture,—is that with a man to whom you have long been under intellectual obligations. It is one of the heartiest moments a stranger can have abroad. The spirit that has been so much with him, has taken flesh and voice. He grasps for the first time the hand of an old friend. When in London before, I had a good view of the Duke of Wellington, as he rode up to his house at the corner of Hyde Park, and dismounted; so that I have seen England's three foremost living men, Wordsworth, Wellington, Carlyle.

Though we cannot assent entirely to the inferences and opinions drawn from a consideration of the aristocratic element of our constitution as expressed by the author in the following passage, it contains much that is true, and a shrewd discrimination between the aristocracy of England and that of the other countries of Europe:—

THE ARISTOCRACY OF ENGLAND.

England looks everywhere aristocratical. A dominant idea in English life is possession by in-

heritance. Property and privilege are nailed by law to names. A man, by force of mind, rises from lowliness to a dukedom: the man dies, but the dukedom lives, and lifts into eminence a dullard perhaps, or a reprobate. The soul has departed, and the body is unburied. Counter to the order of nature, the external confers instead of receiving life; and whereas at first a man made the dukedom, afterwards 'tis the dukedom that makes the man. Merit rises, but leaves behind it generations of the unmeritorious not only to feed on its gains, but to possess places that should never be filled but by the deserving. In an hereditary aristocracy the noble families form knots on the trunk of the nation, drawing to themselves sap which, for the public health, should be equally distributed. Law and custom attach power and influence to names and lands: whose own these, govern, and so rigid and cherished are primogeniture and entail, that much of them is possessed without an effort or a natural claim. The possessor's whole right is arbitrary and artificial.

To ascribe the short-comings of England to the aristocratic principle, were as shallow as to claim for it her many glories. In her development it has played its part according to her constitutional temperament; but her development has been richer and healthier than that of her neighbours, because her aristocracy has had its roots in the people, or rather because (a false aristocracy having been hitherto in Europe unavoidable) her people have been manly and democratic enough not to suffer one distinct in blood to rear itself among them. Compare English with any other aristocracy, and this in it is notable and unique; it does not form a caste. It is not, like the German, or Russian, or Italian, a distinct breed from that of the rest of the nation; nay, its blood is ever renewed from the veins of the people. This is the spring of its life; this has kept it in vigor; this strengthens it against degeneracy. It sucks at the breast of the mighty multitude. Hence at bottom it is, that the English peer is in any part of the world a higher personage than the German count or Italian prince. He cannot show pedigrees with them, and this, a cause of mortification to his pride, is the very source of his superiority.

From this cause, English aristocracy is less far removed than any other in Europe from a genuine aristocracy, or government of the best, of which, however, it is still but a mockery. It is not true that all the talent in the realm gravitates towards the House of Lords, but some of it does; and as such talent is, of course, in alliance with worldly ambition, the *novi homines* in Parliament are apt not to be so eminent for principle as for intellect. Until men shall be much purer than they have yet been, no nation will, under any form of polity, throw up its best men into high places. The working of the representative system with us has revealed the fact, that with free choice a community chooses in the long run men who accurately represent itself. Should therefore Utopia lie embosomed in our future, instead of the present very mixed assemblage, our remote posterity may look for a Congress that will present a shining level of various excellence. Only, that should so blessed an era be in store, Congresses and all other cunning contrivances called governments, will be superfluous. In England, in legislation and in social life, most of the best places are filled by men whose ancestors earned them, and not themselves. These block the way to those who, like their ancestors, are capable in a fair field of winning eminence. By inheritance are enjoyed posts demanding talent, liberality, refinement—qualities not transmissible. It is subjecting the spiritual to the corporeal. It is setting the work of man, earls and bishops, over the work of God, men. The world is ever prone to put itself in bondage to the external: laws should aim to counteract the tendency. Here this bondage is methodized and legalized. The body politic has got to be but feebly organic. Men are obliged in every direction to conform rigidly to old foras; to reach their end by mechanical routine. A man on entering life finds himself fenced in between ancient walls. Every Englishman is free relatively to every other living Englishman, but is a slave to his forefathers. He must put his neck under the yoke of prescription.

The life of every child in England is too rigorously predestined.

Here we are compelled, by the claims of other works, to close for a week this volume. In our next, however, we hope to extract some of the graphic pictures and useful remarks the author has given us of men and things as seen in France, Italy, and Germany.

Sports, Pastimes, and Customs of London, Ancient and Modern. With Illustrative Anecdotes, &c. &c. &c. 12mo. London: Cradock and Co.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

WE recur to the pages of this delightful little book, seriously recommending to the consideration of our readers the necessity for giving thought to the question, whether they take sufficient exercise in the open air, and indulge, as their real interest would dictate, in those harmless amusements on the lawn, in the meadow, or on the common, to the extent that prudence allows. Making money, though held by most people the chief, is neither the noblest nor the most creditable purpose of life. Indeed, as regards the soul, it is the most narrowing, the most selfish and sordid of pursuits. Were the means it furnishes devoted to the main to intellectual culture, to the amelioration of the condition of our race, to works of charity and piety, ample justification could be made for this eager and breathless race for wealth. Generally the reverse follows. It must, however, be borne in mind, that it is the sacrifice individually made in acquiring riches we here deprecate,—the surrendering of life to a purpose foreign to the largest interests of man. And we repeat the observation made in our former notice of this book, that there is little doubt but this over-application to business defeats the purpose to which it is directed, and that with more recreation our labour would be, at least equally, if not more productive.

No apology is needed for the length of the following extract:—

Tilting, or running at the ring, an exercise to which the London youth were formerly much devoted, appears to have been derived from the quintain; the object of the tilter being to thrust the point of his lance through a hoop or ring, suspended at a given height from a supporter. At the commencement of the seventeenth century, this pastime had been reduced to a science. The length of the course, observes Strutt, quoting from an authority of the time, was measured and marked out according to the properties of the horses that were to run; for one of the swiftest kind, one hundred paces from the starting-place to the ring, and thirty paces beyond it, to stop him, were deemed necessary; but for such horses as had been trained to the exercise, and were more regular in their movements, eighty paces to the ring, and twenty beyond it, were thought to be sufficient. Three courses were allowed to each candidate, and he who thrust the point of the lance through the ring the oftenest, or, if no such thing were done, struck it the most frequently, was the victor. London-bridge and Smithfield were frequently the scenes of tilting-matches, jousts, tournaments, &c.

Tournaments and Jousts—pastimes introduced by the Normans—though often confounded with each other, differed materially. The tournament—signifying to turn a wheel about in a circular manner—was, in its original institution, a martial conflict, in which the combatants engaged without any animosity, merely to exhibit their strength and dexterity; but, at the same time, engaged in considerable numbers to represent a battle. The joust, on the other hand, was a separate trial of skill, in which only one man was opposed to another. The latter was frequently, though not invariably, included in the former. It is a received opinion, that

the tournament originated from a pastime practised by the Roman youths, called *Ludus Troia* (the Troy Game), said to have been so named because it was derived from the Trojans, and first brought into Italy by Ascanius, the son of Æneas.

Formerly, tilting upon the ice, and also in boats upon the water, were much practised by the young Londoners.

Sword-play—the sword-dance, or more properly a combat with swords and bucklers, regulated by music—was, so far back as the times of the Saxons, exhibited by their *gleemen*, or merry-makers. It seems to have been identical with much of the sword-play of the modern stage.

After Smithfield had ceased to be a place of recreative exercise for the better classes, loose serving-men and other quarrelsome persons resorted thither, and caused uproars; and thus becoming the rendezvous of bullies and braves, it obtained the name of "Ruffians' Hall." The "sword and buckler" were at that time in use, and a serving-man would carry a buckler or shield at his back, which hung by the hilt or pommel of his sword hanging before him. Fellows of this sort who hectorated and blustered, were called "swash-bucklers," from the noise they made with the sword and buckler to frighten an antagonist. A "bully," or fellow all voice and no courage, was called "a swasher."

Of a more recent date (1709), the following copy of a show-bill exhibits the common mode of challenging and answering used by prize-fighting swordsmen:—

"At the Bear Garden, in Hockley-in-the-Hole, near Clerkenwell Green, a trial of skill shall be performed between Two Masters of the noble Science of Defence, on Wednesday next, at two of the clock precisely.

"I, George Gray, born in the city of Norwich, who have fought in most parts of the West Indies, namely, Jamaica and Barbadoes, and several other parts of the world, in all twenty-five times, and upon a stage, and never yet was worsted, and being now lately come to London, do invite James Harris to meet and exercise at these following weapons, namely, back-sword, sword and dagger, sword and buckler, single falchion, and case of falchions."

"I, James Harris, Master of the said noble science of Defence," who formerly rid in the horse-guards, and hath fought a hundred and ten prizes, and never left a stage to any man, will not fail, God willing, to meet this brave and bold inviter at the time and place appointed; desiring sharp swords, and from him no favour. No person to be upon the stage but the seconds. Vivat Regina."

How amusingly does the following extract from a MS. in the Harleian Collection contrast with the above. Six gentlemen challenged "all comers at the just roial, to run in osting harnies along a tilte, and to strike thirteen strokes with swords, in honour of the marriage of Richard Duke of York (son to King Edward IV. supposed to have lost his life with his brother Edward in the Tower), with the Lady Anne, daughter to the Duke of Norfolk." According to the proposition, the king promised to reward the best performer at the jousts royal with a ring of gold set with a ruby; and the best performer at the tournament with another golden ring set with a diamond, equal in value to the former.

What is now considered the polite accomplishment of *Fencing* was, about the year 1285, totally prohibited in the city. Owing to the licentiousness of the time, the king suspended the government of the corporation; and a statute was passed, enacting, amongst other points, that, "whereas it was customary for profligates to learn the art of fencing, who were thereby emboldened to commit the most unheard-of villainies, no such school should be kept in the city for the future, upon the penalty of forty marks for every offence: and that all the aldermen should make a thorough search in their several wards for the detecting such offenders, in order to bring them to justice, and an exemplary punishment."

Of *bull and bear baiting*, nearly enough has been already said, considering the horrible brutality of the sport—a sport hardly exceeded in its sanguinary ferocity by the bull-fighting of Spain and Portugal,

from which it is thought to have been derived. Erasmus, who visited England in the time of Henry the Eighth, states that there were many herds of bears maintained in the court for the purpose of baiting. Queen Mary, and her sister, the Princess (afterwards Queen) Elizabeth, had the credit of being "right well content" with the sport, after having attended "mass!" And Queen Elizabeth, soon after her accession, gave a splendid dinner to the French ambassadors, who afterwards were entertained with the baiting of bulls and bears: the Queen herself standing with the ambassadors to look at the pastime till six at night. Next day the sport was repeated, and twenty-seven years later, Elizabeth, when she received the Danish ambassador at Greenwich, treated him with a bear and bull baiting; "tempered," says Holinshed, "with other merry disports; and for the diversion of the populace was a horse with an ape upon his back, which highly pleased them, so that they expressed their inward conceived joy and delight with shrill shouts, and variety of gestures!" Thank heaven, and the advance of civilization, such "royal pastimes" are now obsolete—even amongst the lowest classes.

Cock-fighting, cock-throwing, whipping the cock, threshing the hen, and the like, fall within the same category. The first of these is of antiquity far beyond record—in Greece, China, Persia, and throughout the East. In China, even the ladies participate in the pastime. In London and other parts of England, Shrove-tide used to be the great season for cock-fighting, cock-throwing, and similar amusements. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, we are told that noblemen "would also go to the threshing of the cocke, pukke with hens blindfolded, and the like." According to Grose, "whipping the cock" was a sport practised at wakes, horse-races, and fairs; "a cock being tied or fastened into a hat or basket, half-a-dozen carters, blindfolded, and armed with their cart-whips, are placed round it, who, after being turned thrice about, begin to whip the cock, which if any one strikes so as to make it cry out, it becomes his property; the joke is, that instead of whipping the cock they flog each other heartily."

Threshing the Hen, a similar practice, is thus referred to in a note on the following lines in *Tusser Redivivus* :—

At Shrove-tide to shroving next *thresh the fat hen*;
If blind-fold can kill her, next give it they men.

"The hen is hung on a fellow's back, who has also some horse-bells about him; the rest of the fellows are blinded, and have boughs in their hands, with which they chase this fellow and his hen about some large court or small enclosure. The fellow with his hen and bells shifting as well as he can, they follow the sound, and sometimes hit him and his hen; other times, if he can get behind one of them, they thresh one another well favourably; but the jest is, the maids are to blind the fellows, which they do with their aprons, and the cunning baggages will endear their sweethearts with a peeping-hole, while the others look out as sharp to hinder it. After this the hen is boiled with bacon, and store of pancakes and fritters are made. She that is noted for lying a-bed long, or any other miscarriage, hath the first pancake presented to her, which most commonly falls to the dog's share at last, for no one will own it their due."

On the abolition of the inhuman practice of throwing at cocks, observes Strutt, "toys made in the shape of cocks were supplied in lieu of the living bird, with large and heavy stands of lead, and he that could overturn the toy claimed it as a reward for his adroitness."

Of *Fairs*, in the immediate vicinity of the metropolis, there are but few now left. *Camberwell Fair*, in Surrey, may be mentioned as the chief. It has been said, though upon questionable testimony, to have existed prior to the Conquest. Formerly, it commenced on the 9th of August, and continued three weeks, ending on the festival of St. Giles. Now it lasts only three days. *Peckham Fair*, held immediately afterwards, is said to be only a continuation of that of Camberwell, and not a distinct fair; yet, there is a tradition that King John, when hunting at Peckham, killed a stag, and was so well

pleased with his day's sport, that he granted the inhabitants a charter for an annual fair. *Fairlop Fair*, commencing on the 2nd of July, has long been celebrated for its rural festivities. It takes its name from the Fairlop Oak, near Epping Forest, the existence of which has been traced, traditionally, half way up the Christian era. Many years ago, Mr. John Day, a worthy but eccentric character, of Wapping, used annually to go and dine with friends, on beans and bacon, under this tree; from which circumstance originated the fair. Of the tree itself there are now only some slight remains. *Bow Fair*, *Stepney Fair*, *Brook Green Fair*, *Hammersmith*, and some others, are yet nominally in existence, at holiday seasons, but they are little frequented.

Amongst numerous places of summer evenings' resort may be mentioned, *Vauxhall Gardens*, *Lambeth—the Surrey Zoological Gardens*, *Newington—Cremorne Gardens*, *Chelsea*, &c. In these gardens, music and fireworks, and occasionally masquerades, balloon ascents, flower-shows, &c. are the usual attractions.

Passing over many comparatively unimportant points, and hastening towards a close, we have one interesting subject yet briefly to notice; one of the most ancient exercises of man, as a sportsman or as a hero—a war-game and a sport in which London and all England have excelled every nation on the face of the earth—an amusement which, from its intrinsic merit—though in war and in the chase its utility has been superseded by the introduction of gunpowder and guns—still maintains its ground, and continues to be warmly patronised, not only by the sons, but by the daughters of the land—the "fairest of the fair."

Archery was well known to our Saxon and Danish ancestors; but the use of the long bow, in warfare, is thought to have been first introduced into this country by the Normans. The last important battle decided by English archers appears to have been that at Agincourt, in 1415. So late, however, as the reign of Elizabeth, it remained a matter of doubt with many, which was the more advantageous weapon, the matchlock or the bow. In the chivalric ages, the usage of the bow was considered as an essential part of the education of every young man who wished to make a figure in life. In the reign of Richard II. an Act was passed to compel all servants to shoot on Sundays and holidays. In the time of Edward IV. every Englishman was ordered to provide himself with a bow of his own height; and butts were directed to be put up in every township for the inhabitants to shoot at on feast days. Archery was a fashionable sport during the reign of Henry VIII. Edward VI. Queen Elizabeth, and Charles I. and II. are known to have been fond of the exercise, which retained its attractions during the succeeding reigns, and was occasionally sustained by the presence and practice of the sovereign. The Artillery Company of London, though they have long disused the weapon, are remains of the ancient bowmen or archers. In 1498, the Old Artillery Ground, by Devonshire-square, Bishopsgate-street, was inclosed for their use; and it has been asserted that towards the end of the reign of Henry VIII. the City of London could muster 15,000 archers. The Company, revived in 1610, retained the use of the bow, as well as their place of exercise, which had been removed to the New Artillery Ground, near the City end of Moorfields.

Henry VIII. besides making laws in favour of archery, instituted a chartered society for the practice of shooting, under the designation of "The Fraternity of St. George," at whose exercises he sometimes attended. It is stated, in a work entitled "The Bowman's Glory," that "one day having fixed a meeting of them at Windsor, a person of the name of Barlow far outshot the rest, which pleased the King so much that he jocosely saluted him as the 'Duke of Shoreditch,' of which place the man was an inhabitant. This dignity was long preserved by the Captain of the London Archers, who used to summon the officers of his several divisions by the titles of the Duke of Shoreditch, the Marquises of Clerkenwell, Islington, Hoxton, the Earl of Pancras," &c. So lately as the year 1753, targets were erected in the Finsbury Fields during the Easter and Whitsun holidays; when the best

shooter was styled Captain for the ensuing year, and the second, Lieutenant.

Towards the close of the eighteenth century, archery again started into favour as an amusement: at that time there were at least twenty distinguished societies in existence; and, ten or twelve years ago, archery meetings, supported by the first rank and fashion of both sexes, were prevalent throughout the country.

From the interesting remarks on "Days of Note and their Observance," and other amusing chapters, we forbear making extract. Enough has been given to provoke curiosity with regard to that little book before us, and with this we commend it to the perusal of our readers.

The Geographical Progress of Empire and Civilization. By the Rev. T. PRICE. Llandover, 1847. W. Rees.

THIS, most certainly, is a curious and ingenious tract. The hypothesis is, that a certain "influence or excitement," to which, in the absence of an appropriate name in our language, the author has applied the Celtic term, *Kyffrawd*, is, and ever has been, slowly traversing the globe, producing by its presence a specific action upon the intellect of the people among whom it moves; so that the rise and fall of nations, which is ever dependant upon internal virtue of some kind, is owing to this and no other cause. The speculation is at least bold and original, therefore we permit Mr. PRICE to lay his own case before our readers, by extracting the summary he has himself given of the hypothesis, leaving each reader to draw what conclusions from it he may please.

It appears to me that Empire and Civilization, comprehending intellectual excitement, art and science, commercial and military enterprise, conquest, dominion, and national pre-eminence, have always progressed in a north-western direction. That the average rate of progress corresponds with that of the retrogradation of the equinoctial points, which is fifty seconds and a fraction in the year, or a degree in seventy-two years,—something short of a British mile; subject to periodical retardations and accelerations. That the space already traversed constitutes a portion of a slightly undulating line, with secondary undulations, or oscillations; which, if extended, would form a belt or zone encircling the globe, intersecting the equator at about eighty degrees east longitude, and proceeding in a north-western direction to near sixty degrees north latitude, when it takes a southern course. The following are my reasons :—The earliest records we possess of the centralisation of power, place its location towards the mouth of the Euphrates, where Nimrod established his Empire, A.C. 2247. After a time we lose the presence of Empire in Asia, and in a period of 1923 years from the foregoing, we find it in Greece, under Alexander, A.C. 324, at a distance of about twenty-seven degrees; Tyre, Palestine, and Egypt having been visited by the progressing influence. From Greece we find the seat of Empire removed to Italy, a distance of about four degrees and a half, in the same direction; which, at the same rate of progress, will bring us to A.D. 1.—the latter part of the reign of Augustus, and perhaps the acme of Roman greatness. In Italy, again, we lose the Imperial Power, and after 800 years we find it in France, in the hands of Charlemagne, having taken Lombardy in its way; but having in this stage travelled only nine degrees, instead of eleven, its proper quota, two degrees being here lost by retardation, to be hereafter recovered by acceleration.

Again, we lose the presence of Empire in France, and now, after a lapse of 1046 years, if we apply the compasses to the line of movement, allowing as before fifty seconds to a year, the part of the globe brought under our notice will be the Island of Britain. And there, if we do not actually find Imperial Power fully developed, we shall at least find National Pre-eminence, and that, too, rapidly in-

creasing; as evidenced not only in commercial and military enterprise, and domestic institutions, but also in that essential and inseparable characteristic, Foreign Dominion.—For in addition to her European political power, and her other numerous colonies scattered over the globe, Queen Victoria is at this moment actually sovereign of the great Empire of India, from the Indus to the Himalaya mountains, and can with a word influence the destinies even of China itself. Thus we find that in 4092 years, National Pre-eminence has travelled from the region of the Euphrates to Britain, a distance of fifty-two degrees, and 3,000 miles; being about an eighth of the circumference of the globe; and with so little deviation from the stated course and ratio, as, in my judgment, to afford data sufficient to authorise the forming of some opinion on the subject. From these facts, therefore, I infer that there is a certain influence to which I have applied the term *Kyffrard*, analogous to that of electricity, traversing this line, or belt, at the above-named rate of progress, and acting upon the nerves and organs of intellect in a manner similar to that in which electricity acts upon these grosser elements of our composition which come within the reach of scientific observation; exciting the mind to greater activity, and causing a higher development of the intellectual powers; and the mind, thus excited, is impelled to the forming of more extraordinary designs, and to greater daring in undertaking their execution. I also infer that this influence has a focus, or polar centre, possessing the character and properties of an electric pole. Also that this influence acts with decreasing power as it recedes from the focus; its more powerful effect not extending beyond 500 miles, whilst at the distance of 1,000 miles it is but very feeble. I likewise conclude that at the present time, A.D. 1847, this focus or pole is located in the northern portion of this island, near the Frith of Forth, in Scotland; moving in the direction of the Solway Frith at the rate of four miles a year; it being now in its oscillation towards the south, so that in twenty years from this time, or in the year A.D. 1867, it will have traversed the space between those two friths; when it will continue its course towards the south until its southern oscillation is completed, and then again oscillate northward; leaving an unmistakable mark on the intellectual character of the people it may visit. I also think it probable that this pole may have its opposite pole in the southern hemisphere; but its present location must be in the South Sea; the nearest land of any note being New Zealand, 700 miles distant; too far to be affected by its influence except in a very slight degree.

Struck with the neatness of the getting up of this tract, the clearness and beauty of the typography, we glanced at the name of the printer, and were surprised to find it the work of a printer (Mr. REED, of Llandoverly) in a remote part of Wales. Had the printing of the work been intrusted to VIZETELLY, or the COXES of Great Queen-street, it could not in any particular have been more beautifully turned out of hand, than it has been by Mr. REED in an insignificant town in Carmarthenshire.

The Spelling-book of Utility. By RICHARD CHAMBERS, F.L.S. London, 1847. Sherwood and Co.

THE spelling-books for the most part in use up to this time have been devised upon an unwise and insufficient plan. The importance now, happily for the interest of the rising generation, attached to the humblest form of rudimentary instruction has been productive of infinite good in the construction of the elementary books now placed in the hands of children. We are rapidly approaching the common-sense system enunciated eighty years ago (at that time in vain) by JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU—a thinker far in advance of his age, as the progress of events since his death has shewn. The spelling-book before us we

unhesitatingly pronounce the best we have yet seen, and it is because we wish well to whatever is conducive to the grand purpose which education subserves that we make room for the statement of his design and the mode by which he hopes to encompass it, which Mr. CHAMBERS has given.

It must be obvious to every one engaged in the education of youth, that our most popular spelling-books contain a great deal that never can be practically useful, and that a judicious teacher is often obliged to skip and go on. Sounds without sense, as ba, bi, bo, si, wy, zu, &c. &c. form the first lessons that are given to a child, who, feeling no interest whatever in such unmeaning jargon, considers learning to read as a very irksome task. In the following work this has been avoided, and the lessons are not only arranged in an easy, familiar, and progressive series, but they all contain useful information; they are all calculated to make young persons think. Kindness towards each other, the beautiful Christian precept that love is the fulfilling of the law, and piety towards our heavenly Father, are invariably inculcated. The selections from the prose hymns of Mrs. Barbauld, will materially assist in infusing pious thoughts into the minds of children; for, to use the beautiful language of that talented writer, we ought "to impress devotional feelings as early as possible on the infant mind—to impress them by connecting religion with a variety of sensible objects, with all that he sees, all he hears, all that affects his young mind with wonder or delight." The arrangement of the spelling lessons into substantives, adjectives, and verbs, will impress those parts of speech on the minds of youth, and lead them to a knowledge of grammar while they are learning to read. The prints of animals and plants in this work have been drawn by eminent artists with great care,—the author considering, that whatever is placed before children should be as perfect as possible. This spelling-book has been the work of many years' study and reflection,—the author having been from his youth engaged in the arduous task of tuition; and his great object in writing the present volume has been to please, instruct, and benefit children, that interesting race,

Of whom well might Cornelia say,
When the rich casket shone in bright array,
These are my jewels!

Sylvan's Pictorial Hand-book to the Clyde and its Watering-places. 12mo. London, 1847. Johnstone.

THIS Hand-book will be found an entertaining and instructive companion to the tourist who visits the western coast of Scotland. It is very neatly got up; contains upwards of fifty cleverly-executed woodcuts, from original sketches of the most interesting places on the shores of the Clyde, and some useful explanatory maps. This little work appears opportunely at a season when the Court is moving among the beautiful scenery which it describes, and will no doubt be freely resorted to by the gay crowd who follow royalty, as well as those who have taken that route from a better motive than fashion and a desire to be near the magnates of the land.

JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

Life and Correspondence of Joseph Reed, Military Secretary of Washington at Cambridge, Adjutant-General of the Continental Army, Member of the Congress of the United States, and President of the Executive Council of the State of Pennsylvania. By his Grandson, WILLIAM B. REED. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 537, 507. Philadelphia: Lindsay and Blakiston. New York: Bartlett and Welford. 1847.*

If America is ever to attain, in dignity and weight

* From *The Literary World*, New York.

of moral character, that superiority which it exhibits in industry and commerce, it must be by imbibing the principles, and emulating the conduct of those eminent persons who, in the era of the Revolution, shewed to what heights of pure greatness republican force may rise, when it is elevated by integrity of purpose, and is guided by wisdom. We are never brought into the society of that honourable band without feeling that we are visiting "a college in a purer air." They were statesmen who could "act and comprehend." They knew how to unite the energy of natural passion with the delicacy and rectitude of refined principle. They pursued a greatness of design that "made ambition virtue." With some exceptions, they were gentlemen, or men of family: it is a striking fact, observed by Mr. REED in this volume, that "the leaders of the Revolution were, as a general rule, men of high classical education." The growing interest in the characters and career of these eminent men, which shews itself in the formation of historical societies, and in the appearance, from time to time, of the memoirs and letters of those who have been especially distinguished, is one of the most encouraging symptoms of our times. Mr. REED's work is one of the most carefully, and is, perhaps, the most judiciously, edited of the publications that have yet appeared. It is a just remark, that contemporary letters form the most authentic materials of history and biography; but it is a mistake to suppose that they impose less labour upon the editor than the compilation of an original work. They must be explained, illustrated, supplied, with a diligence of attention that puts in requisition the best faculties of the student and the literary artist. Mr. REED offers his book to us as the result of twenty years' investigation. It is worthy to be the result of so prolonged a labour. It displays a fullness of information upon the men and subjects discussed, derived from English and American sources; a range of intelligent inquiry and collateral illustration, which we have not elsewhere met with. It is the mature production of a highly educated mind, at work upon a subject which stimulated all its curiosity, and tasked its utmost abilities. We desire Mr. REED to understand that we appreciate the superior and uncommon merit of his book. We not merely give him our approval, as a critic reviewing the work of an author, but we think his diligence and skill, in such an employment, deserving of a public acknowledgment as a benefit conferred upon the community. To us, the theme of the Revolution is of unexhausted interest: it has been touched by many able hands, under many advantages of position and talent; but we have not followed the story with more animated attention and more gratified interest than in Mr. REED's volumes.

The biographer, in this instance, has been favoured both in his motives and in his subject. The striking and able correspondence with Lord DARTMOUTH; the familiar communications from General WASHINGTON, now for the first time, as we understand it, published entire; the characteristic letters from CHARLES LEE, ROBERT MORRIS, and others; the copious military reports from Mr. REED to President WHARTON, at an interesting crisis, give the book an historic interest of the highest and most permanent kind. Indeed, we do not know of any publication, of this extent, which forms so valuable a contribution to our knowledge of the situation and operations of the army in 1776 and 1777, and the views, opinions, and plans of those who controlled the military counsels of that time. To us, it has explained many obscure and doubtful passages in the conduct of the war, and has disclosed many new circumstances, of the existence of which we suppose there is no other evidence in print. General REED died at the early age of forty-three: yet, within that period, he had filled a wide circle of honour and usefulness, in council and in the field, upon the continental and state establishments. He had been the intimate friend and adviser of the Commander-in-chief, esteemed and loved by one who never gave his confidence without reason, and rarely gave his familiarity to any one; he had been Adjutant-general of the Continental Army, and a member of the Continental Congress; he had

received the appointment of General of Cavalry, and of Chief Justice of Pennsylvania; and had filled the office of President of that State, at a time when civil faction and personal animosities raged with embittered fury. His heroic reply to the attempt of the British Commissioner to bribe him, in 1776, the popular account of which, we are glad to find from documents here published, is substantiated by copious and irrefragable evidence, forms one of the romantic incidents in our revolutionary history. His literary accomplishment was of a superior grade, and he is one of the few of his contemporaries whose letters may be read with pleasure, for the mere elegance of the style. His mind was subtle and reflective; but his temper open, ardent, and active, in friendship and in enmity. Those who shared his intimacy, write to him with the freest cordiality. On the other hand, we know that he had many virulent opponents. We cannot pay his biographer the full compliment of saying that his composition has the elegance and grace of his ancestor's; yet it is simple, strong, and clear. The dedication and preface strike us as particularly good: their tone is manly, ingenuous, and engaging. Throughout the whole work the subject, delicate as the task was, is dealt with in perfect good taste, without affectation or constraint. In some instances, in the description of military occurrences, the author displays very superior powers of conception and narrative.

JOSEPH REED, the son of respectable parents, was born in Trenton, New Jersey, on the 27th of August, 1741. He received his education first at the Philadelphia Academy, and then at Princeton College, where he was graduated at the age of sixteen. He studied law under RICHARD STOCKTON, and was admitted to practice in 1763. In the summer of the same year he sailed for England, and was entered a student in the Middle Temple, where he remained until 1765. Here he became attached to a daughter of Mr. DENNIS DE BERDT, an eminent merchant, and agent for the province of Massachusetts Bay; and on a second visit to England, in 1770, after the death of her father, was married to her. On his return he settled himself at Philadelphia, and pursued the practice of the law with distinguished success. The elder DE BERDT, and after his death, his son, were on terms of intimacy with Lord DARTMOUTH, who, in 1772, became Secretary of State for the Colonies. Through the younger DE BERDT, who continued at all times to be anxious for the restoration of harmony, Mr. REED received an intimation that a correspondence, giving impartial information of occurrences, and of the state of feeling in the colonies, from a candid and prudent observer, would be highly acceptable to the Colonial Secretary; and accordingly, Mr. REED, between December 1773 and February 1775, addressed to Lord DARTMOUTH a series of letters which, for patriotic resolution, discernment, and ability of argument, are eminently honourable to the youthful author. They are curious and valuable, as shewing that the ministry received accurate representations of the temper of the colonies, from a reliable source, at a time when, as the biographer shews us by extracts from the letters of GAGE, TRYON, and others, very erroneous impressions were communicated by the government agents. The state of political opinion in Pennsylvania, both at the beginning of the revolution, and for many years afterwards, is, at least to strangers like ourselves, a very mysterious and intricate affair. We have never been able, for example, to comprehend the position of JOHN DICKINSON. The author has thrown more light upon the matter than we have found from any other quarter; but the topic is extensive enough, and we should suppose interesting enough, to form the subject of a separate volume. Mr. REED's views, both as to the rapidity of movement, and as to the ultimate object to be then proposed, appear to have been, from 1772 to 1776, essentially the same with those of ROBERT MORRIS and CHARLES THOMPSON; and taking into view the peculiar circumstances of Pennsylvania, and having regard to what actually took place in the following years, we are inclined to think that if the views of this party had prevailed, it had saved a protracted contest, and a world of suffering, and yet have se-

cured our independence. When, however, the battle of Lexington had been fought, and the war was really begun, Mr. REED joined heart and hand in the popular movement, and from that time his passions, his interests, and his thoughts were thoroughly, and with all the ardour of his nature, devoted to the vindication, by arms, of the position assumed by the country. "We have proceeded such lengths," he writes to his wife, in June, 1776, "that unless we go further we shall be branded, most justly, as the basest and meanest of mankind. Instead of contesting about or settling forms of government, we must now oppose the common enemy with spirit and resolution, or all is lost." "When a subject draws his sword against his prince," he writes to another, "he must cut his way through, if he mean afterwards to sit down in safety. I have taken too active a part in what may be called the civil part of opposition, to renounce without disgrace the public cause, when it seems to lead to danger, and have a most sovereign contempt for the man who can plan measures he has not the spirit to execute."

On the 15th of June, WASHINGTON was appointed commander-in-chief of the army, then before Boston, and in a few days left Philadelphia, on his way to camp, accompanied by a number of the most distinguished citizens, and among them Lieutenant-Colonel REED, of the Pennsylvania militia. By a general order of July 4, 1775, he was appointed secretary to the commander-in-chief, and gave, in that position, the most entire satisfaction. He left Cambridge temporarily in October of that year; and the frequent letters of the chief, addressed to him at this time, breathe a warmth of regard for his person, or express a sense of his services, which may justify his descendants in cherishing those communications as titles of peculiar honour. "The hint contained in the last of your letters respecting your continuance in my family, in other words, your wish that I could dispense with it, gives me pain." WASHINGTON writes, November 20, 1775: "You already, my dear sir, know my sentiments on this matter: you cannot but be sensible of your importance to me: at the same time I shall again repeat what I have observed to you before, that I can never think of promoting my convenience at the expense of your interest and inclination. . . . Mr. HARRISON, though sensible, clever, and perfectly confidential, has never yet moved upon so large a scale as to comprehend, at one view, the diversity of matter which comes before me, so as to afford that ready assistance which every man in my situation must stand more or less in need of. . . . My mind is now fully disclosed to you, with the assurance sincerely and affectionately accompanying it, that whilst you are disposed to continue with me, I shall think myself too fortunate and happy to wish for a change." Again, on the 23rd of January, of the following year, he says: "Real necessity compels me to ask you whether I may entertain any hopes of your returning to my family? . . . My business increases very fast, and my distresses for want of you, along with it. Mr. HARRISON is the only gentleman of my family that can afford me the least assistance in writing. . . . If he should go, I should really be distressed beyond measure, as I know no persons able to supply your places (in this part of the world), with whom I would choose to live in unbounded confidence." This correspondence with Col. REED is certainly the most curious that has yet appeared of General WASHINGTON. He wrote to his first secretary with an openness, a carelessness, a familiarity, and a jocularity of tone which he seems never to have used to any other person, and which places his character almost in a new light.

ART.

THE ART-UNION EXHIBITION.

On Saturday last we attended, at the rooms of the Society of British Artists, in Suffolk-street, "the private view" of the pictures this year selected by the prizeholders of this Institution.

In former notices of these exhibitions, we were at the pains of pointing out the shortcomings of this Society, the faults of its constitution, and the manner in which it defeated the very purpose which it was established to subserve. Further observation of its working has but confirmed the opinions we have expressed, and the objections we then made; nor has any thing arisen which would cause us to retract or even modify the recommendations we urged upon the consideration of the committee, and which, in common with all other advice from the press that we have seen tendered them, they thought proper to disregard. As the Society is obstinate, and will neither adopt extraneous suggestions for improvement, nor of themselves effect such alterations as the true interests of the Institution demand, we, earnestly desiring the advancement and prosperity of the Arts, hope, at no distant period, to see a grander and more comprehensive scheme having the same object in view as professedly this has—one fairer, more liberal, and in every way better adapted for the encouragement of Art,—laid before the public; and sure we are that if a judicious and striking plan were devised and published, and proper means taken to secure for it the sanction of Parliament, which might without difficulty be effected, the public would eagerly extend to the project an amount of support which would leave far in the rear the patronage extended to the Art Union of London.

The works this year exhibited number 176; of these the best are HERBERT's high class picture *Our Saviour subject to his parents at Nazareth* (300*l.*); ELMORE's happily conceived subject *The Invention of the Stocking-Loom* (150*l.*); and the masterly drawing, by HAGHE, *Meeting-room of the Brewers' Corporation at Antwerp* (150*l.*)—a work which we unhesitatingly pronounce the most artistic in quality, the happiest in composition, drawing, spirit, sentiment, and colour that has been yet produced in this country upon paper, and with such a vehicle as water. Among the second-rate works (we speak comparatively of the degrees shewn in the present exhibition) are ALLEN's large landscape *The Vale of Clwyd*, (300*l.*); PICKERSGILL's clever scene *The Christian Church, &c.* (200*l.*); a characteristic and sweetly-coloured landscape, by WITHEKINGTON, *The Midday Retreat* (100*l.*); another called *The Old Avenue*, by F. R. LEE, (70*l.*); and lastly, Mr. SELOUS's historical picture *Queen Philippa interceding for the Burgesses of Calais*, a work in which after the expectation excited in us by the cartoon for which the artist received the Society's premium of 500*l.* we confess ourselves disappointed. A host of pictures of less prominence, and various inferior degrees of merit, make up the exhibition. In the greater number of instances the money of the Society has been injudiciously laid out (in one instance there is a prize of 150*l.* that would actually be dear at that number of pence, and which the Society have properly placed high above the line of vision); and so obviously is this the case, that the visitor least qualified to judge of art cannot fail to be impressed with it. We may add that the number of works purchased and exhibited amounts to no fewer than 276. Of the larger prizes, one of 300*l.* one of 200*l.* two of 150*l.* and two of 100*l.* have been chosen from the Royal Academy Exhibition; and the total amount expended this year by the Society in the purchase of works of art amounts to nearly 10,000*l.* a sum; that, properly distributed, would have furthered the true interests of art by assisting deserving men; whereas now the parties who derive from

this source the most encouragement, are those who have mistaken their calling, and whom it is sheer folly or something worse to support in a profession for which they are unfit, and whose reputation they degrade.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

THE public are fully occupied with admiring the Cartoons and the Art Union Exhibition. Connoisseurs and professors are still unseen and unheard.—The *Liverpool Mercury* states that the statue of Huskisson has at last found a resting-place. Workmen are now employed in digging the foundation for the monument on the area at the north side of the Custom-house, immediately opposite South Castle-street, Liverpool. A more appropriate site could not, we think, have been chosen, being in the centre of our commercial transactions, and one of the greatest thoroughfares in the town. The statue, we believe, is a metal cast of the marble one by Gibson. The position of the figure is well suited for an open-air monument, having all the lines boldly and well defined. The left had of the statesman is resting on his right breast, which is left bare by the drapery thrown over the left shoulder. The right hand is placed upon the right hip, the leg being thrown forward. The head of the figure is left bare. When completed, which it is considered it will be in a fortnight hence, it will be a pleasing addition to that portion of the revenue-buildings, and will, doubtless, tend to the relief of that too dull and heavy structure. The figure, which is nine feet six inches high, will stand upon a base and pedestal composed of granite, nine feet high.—The inauguration of the statue of the Duke of Orleans, at St. Omer, took place on the 8th, with great pomp.—It is rumoured that Mr. Vernon, the celebrated collector and patron of English art, had given the better and larger portion of his pictures to the National Gallery. This, if it is true, will make a most important accession to the gallery, and lay the foundation of a series of excellent specimens of the English school.—On the 23rd of July, the foundation-stone of a new picture gallery was laid at Dresden by the Minister of State, in presence of the gentlemen connected with the picture gallery, and various official persons. After the signing of the documents they were laid under the foundation-stone, together with the plan of the building, and the coin of the present year. The ceremony excited great interest.—Since the close of the exhibition of the pictures at the gallery of the Royal Academy, Mr. Etty has been busily employed in putting the finishing strokes to his series of historical paintings, and they have been visited by many artists and others connected with the arts, at the room of Mr. Colls, in Bond-street, where they have appeared in their finished state, and removed from the too close proximity to other pictures, much more advantageously than in Trafalgar-square. Preparations have already been made by Mr. Wass for engraving them, and a subscription list is opened for that purpose; previously, however, they will be exhibited at Liverpool and at other large towns, and afterwards at Paris and on the Continent.—His Majesty's Picture Gallery at the Hague has just been enriched by a magnificent painting, the beheading of John the Baptist, by Barbieri, surnamed Le Guerchin. He was one of the most celebrated painters of the Lombard school. While yet a student at the academy Degli Desiderosi, he distinguished himself so much that Ludovico Caracci, in one of his letters, thus commends him: "We have a young man here who is a complete wonder; I do not say too much when I add that the productions of his pencil alarm our most eminent painters." This is the only painting by this celebrated master in Holland.

MUSIC.

MUSICAL CHIT-CHAT.

At the concert which took place for the benefit of the choral department of her Majesty's Theatre, on Friday, in the grand concert-room of the establishment, this popular cantatrice generously ac-

corded her gratuitous services, and her example was followed by the leading members of the company—Lablache, Gardoni, Coletti, &c. This is the only metropolitan public concert at which the "Swedish nightingale" has assisted during the whole of the present season. It is pleasant to find popular *artistes* like Mademoiselle Lind and Lablache alive to the interests of their humbler comrades, who, in their way, are not less useful and meritorious members of the operatic community than themselves. The importance of the chorus in the works of the great masters cannot be over estimated. We should like to have to record a similar manifestation of sympathy and liberality in favour of a department of, perhaps, even greater importance to the *ensemble* of lyrical representations, viz. the orchestra. Mr. Lumley kindly granted the use of the concert-room for the occasion.—The Manchester tradesmen are really producing music for the million. Many of them are wrapping up their tea, coffee, snuff, tobacco, &c. in paper on which are printed many of the popular songs of old England; furnishing their customers with music at positively the cheapest rate ever yet attained!—Mr. J. Werner Glover's concert, which had been looked forward to with great interest, took place last Saturday, at the Salle des Concerts, Boulogne. Mr. Glover performed on this occasion two fantasias of his own composition on the pianoforte. The *Boulogne Mirror* speaks in high terms of praise of Mr. Glover's performances.—It is stated that M. Duponchel has engaged Mlle. Cerito, Mlle. Rosati, and MM. St. Léon and Perrot, for his *ballet*—and that Mlle. Lind has positively declined to appear at the *Académie*. The *Journal des Débats* announces that Signor Verdi is engaged to write a new work for the *Académie*,—the *Morning Post* having stated that he was to arrange "I Masnadieri" for that theatre, the new management of which is understood to have more latitude, as regards translated works, than was allowed to its predecessors. The English and the French journals are agreed, that the principal characters will be sustained by Madame Van Gelder and MM. Duprez and Alizard. One whimsical change is involved in the alterations of the *Académie*. It will be recollected that a statue of Rossini was recently set up in the hall—by way of vanity-bait, it was said, to the impetrateur *poco-curante* of Bologna; who, it was hoped, thus complimented, might give the world a new opera. Well, the effigy is found not to agree with some new device for warming the theatre, and is, accordingly, to be turned out of doors into the "Cour de l'Administration," Rue Grange Batelière!

THE DRAMA, &c.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—Among the latest additions to the arts deposited in this establishment is an engraved portrait of his Grace the Duke of WELLINGTON, which we are sure will take precedence of all others which have been published. The character of his Grace's countenance is admirably preserved, and the light smile which plays upon his features recalls vividly his ordinary aspect; not a trace of the original man has been lost. The Duke is represented in a sitting posture, displaying nearly the whole figure, and is admirably suited for a companion to that splendid engraving of NAPOLEON by DE LA ROCHE of Paris. The artist is Mr. H. T. RYALL.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ALLEGED NEW ISLAND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—On seeing in your last number of THE CRITIC an account of the (supposed) discovery of an island in lat. 33° 19' N., long. 42° 39' W., I referred to a large Chart of the World on Mercator's projection, published in London in 1841, and as nearly as possible in the same longitude I found a shoal marked on the said chart; it was to the north of the latitude named in your extract a few degrees. There are also two rocks indicated in the same chart a little further north still, but about the same longitude,—one said to be seen in 1798 and 1803, and the other in 1803 only.

I think this may be considered as evidence that there is the nucleus of an island or islands near the spot named, and the difference may arise from want of skill in the captain who made the present alleged discovery, or the parties from whose observation the data were taken which led to the rocks and shoals being marked upon the chart. Perhaps some of your scientific correspondents could throw a further light on this (to many) interesting subject. You can make what use you think proper of the few remarks I send.

I remain, Sir, yours, &c.

EDWIN LEWIS.

9, Smith-street, Kirkdale, Near Liverpool,
August 17, 1847.

NECROLOGY.

MRS. EGERTON, THE ACTRESS.

THE few survivors who remain to us of the brilliant corps of dramatic performers of both sexes who gave "the cue" to theatrical taste, at the close of the last, and the commencement of the present, century, are rapidly disappearing from among us. The decline of the drama has, indeed, long stripped them of the honours of public fame. Having outlived their profession, they emerge for a moment from the obscurity of private life, make their bow, and *exerunt*, as if weary and disheartened with a world which no longer needs or acknowledges them.

For the following brief memoir of a lady-member of this corps, written in a congenial spirit, the readers of THE CRITIC are indebted to the *Morning Chronicle*:—This celebrated actress of the Theatres Royal, who for so many years held a distinguished position among the tragic performers that once adorned the national theatres, expired last Tuesday at her residence in Chelsea, where she had for several years taken up her abode. Mrs. Egerton formed a portion of the Kemble school, and was contemporaneous with Mrs. Siddons, Miss O'Neil, Mrs. Bartley, Mrs. Powell, &c. Her father was the Rev. Peter Fisher, rector of Torrington, Devonshire, where the deceased lady was born in 1782. Her introduction to the stage was as early as 1803, at the Bath Theatre, where the late Mr. Egerton, her future husband, was an actor also. In 1810 she appeared at Covent-garden as *Juliet*, one year after the retirement of the great tragic actress, Mrs. Siddons. The appearance of Miss O'Neil soon afterwards precluded all hopes of Mrs. Egerton's maintaining her position of a leading actress, but the management found her for many years a most valuable auxiliary, and in parts of a romantic cast she has seldom been equalled. Her performance of *Ravina* in the well known melodrama of *The Miller and his Men* was a gem of its kind. She was the original representative of *Helen Macgregor*, *Madge Wildfire*, and *Meg Merrilies*, the three great creations of Sir Walter Scott. It is a curious fact, that the late famous comedian, John Emery, was selected by the adapter of the novel (the late Daniel Terry, the actor) to represent the heroine, but Robert Tyke refused to go into petticoats, and the part was given, as a *dernier ressort*, to Mrs. Egerton.

Independent of the many compliments paid by the public and the press, the late lamented Princess Charlotte honoured her with signal marks of approval. After quitting Covent-garden she appeared at Sadler's Wells Theatre, where her husband was lessee, and in the drama of *Joan of Arc* she played the heroine so effectively that the piece ran the whole season. She afterwards joined the Surrey and the Olympic establishments, and again returned to the Theatres Royal for a short time, and performed *Jane de Montford*, in Joanna Baillie's tragedy of *De Montford*, when it was revived for the late Edmund Kean. In 1832 Mr. Egerton, in conjunction with Mr. Abbott, became the lessee of the Coburg, which they named the Victoria theatre. Here Mrs. Egerton distinguished herself as Queen Elizabeth in Sheridan Knowles's play of *The Beggar of Bethnal Green*, after which she retired from the stage to the quiet of private life. Her death at the age of sixty-five is another proof of the longevity attained by most of the eminent professors of the histrionic art—Mrs. Gibbs, Mrs. Harlowe, and Miss Tidswell, are yet living, the two former something near eighty years of age, the latter almost a centenarian, as she was an actress at Drury-lane before David Garrick quitted the stage. The subject of these lines was a lady of considerable attainments, and enjoyed the friendship and esteem of a most respectable circle of acquaintance. She was a member of the Covent Garden Theatrical Fund. Her remains were interred in Chelsea churchyard on Saturday last.

DR. ANDREW COMBE.

WE announce with great regret the death of Dr. Andrew Combe, which occurred at Gorgie-mill, near Edinburgh, on the night of Monday week last. Dr. Combe was only forty-nine years of age, and, although he had long been afflicted by disease of the lungs, no expectations were entertained of his dissolution until within a week of that event. His immediate illness was a sudden attack of bowel complaint, under the weakening influence of which he sank without pain. Dr. Combe was one of the physicians in ordinary to the Queen, and corresponding member of the Imperial and Royal Society of Physicians of Vienna; and his works, the chief of which were, *The Principles of Physiology applied to the Preservation of Health; A Treatise on the Physiological and Moral Management of Infancy*; and *The Physiology of Digestion*, had passed through a number of editions, and attained a celebrity rarely equalled both in Europe and America. Just before his last attack of illness, he was actively engaged in the preparation of a communication intended for insertion in the *Times*, on a subject of the greatest moment within his peculiar branches of philanthropic inquiry—namely, the nature and causes of the ship fever, which had swept off within the last few months so many hundreds of the unfortunate Irish in their emigration to the United States.

MR. WELLS OF REDLEAF.

ON Thursday last died William Wells, esq. of Redleaf, near Penshurst, in Kent, the well-known connoisseur and collector, and, above all, the celebrated patron of every artist of eminence in his time. His house at Redleaf was a kind of sanctuary for art, and home for artists. He was seldom alone, and so great was his love for art that he preferred the company of an artist to that of any high-born or other educated person. He had not an exclusive taste in art, but bought of every school, and always took care (so excellent was his taste) to buy what was best. It was not his boast,—like too many collectors, to brag of his having a Raphael, a Titian, a Leonardo, or a Correggio; he knew how rare these masters are, and how seldom they are to be had; and therefore he collected what was good in itself, irrespective of a name, though he was not insensible that a good name went a long way, or altogether regardless of having a pedigree to a picture. Thus, endued with an excellent taste, and possessed of an ample purse to gratify that taste (he was a banker and a bachelor), he was enabled to assemble about him a collection of pictures, which, as long as it is kept together, will attract thousands to see it. There is, however, some reason to hope that the collection will not remain entire, and that Mr. Wells has not forgotten in his will the National Gallery, of which he was a trustee. His great treasure in English art is, "The Distraining for Rent," by Wilkie, one of Wilkie's best works, and in his best time; and one of his famous pictures was the three heads of Charles I., on the same canvas, by Van Dyck, now in the Van Dyck room, at Windsor Castle. Mr. Wells bought this celebrated picture for one thousand guineas, and was induced (unwillingly) to cede it to George IV. for the same sum. We may add that Mr. Wells's pictures, by Edwin Landseer, are numerous and fine.

JOURNAL OF SCIENCE, &c.

On the night of Friday, the 13th instant, Mr. HIND, the Astronomer at Mr. BISHOP'S Observatory in the Regent's Park, discovered an asteroid, which, in a hasty announcement of the occurrence on the same night to the Editor of the *Times*, he stated his belief was a new planet, belonging to the group between Mars and Jupiter. Subsequent observations have confirmed the accuracy of that opinion, and placed beyond doubt this further triumph of English astronomers. Mr. HIND has since favoured the scientific world with the following additional particulars of this interesting wanderer, now for the first time recognised as belonging to our solar system. If, indeed, we have not been able to penetrate further into the mysterious mechanism of the universe than NEWTON carried us, this age has the merit of being more vigilantly observative than any that has preceded it. One large and three smaller planets have been added to our catalogue of the solar system within a few years, to say

nothing of the beautiful observations and discoveries made in double stars, nebulae, and comets. We subjoin Mr. HIND's last letter:—

THE NEW PLANET IRIS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

SIR,—The notice of our planetary discovery, published in your journal of Saturday last, was written so hurriedly that there was not time to give any account of the method employed to detect the planet, which I now supply at Mr. Bishop's request.

In addition to the Berlin maps, which we have revised, and in some instances corrected, ecliptical charts of stars down to the tenth magnitude have been formed for some of the hours of right ascension, which it is Mr. Bishop's intention to publish as soon as they are completed.

On the 13th of August I compared Wolfer's map with the heavens, and was surprised to find an unmarked star of 8.9 magnitude in a position which was examined on June 22 and July 31, without any note being made. The mere existence of a star in a position where before there was none visible would not have been sufficient to satisfy me as to its nature, because during an eight months' search I have met with very many variable stars, a class which I believe to be far more numerous than is generally supposed. But, on employing the wire micrometer we were enabled in less than half an hour to establish its motion, and thus to convince ourselves that I had been fortunate enough to discover a new member of the planetary system. It may appear to many of your readers rather bold to announce the existence of a new planet from the detection of so small an amount of motion as 2 s. 5 in R.A.; but such is the firm mounting of the large refractory telescope and the perfection of the micrometers (for which we have to thank Mr. Dollond), that a far smaller change would have been sufficient to convince us as to the nature of the object in question.

Mr. Bishop has fixed upon Iris as an appropriate name for the new planet, and we hope that astronomers generally will join with us in its adoption.

The following are all the observations we have yet made:—

G. M. T.	R. A. of Iris.	South Decl.
h. m. s.	h. m. s.	" "
Aug. 13, 9:39:46	19:57:30.38	13:27:21.5
— 19:37:24	19:57:28.41	13:27:27.6
— 11, 9:23:58	19:56:38.30	13:29:14.0
— 15, 9:0:39	19:55:47.64	13:31:4.3

I remain, Sir, your most obedient servant,

J. R. HIND.

Mr. Bishop's Observatory,
Regent's-park, Aug. 17.

SECURITY OF FIRE-ARMS.—The repeated recurrence of accidents, most of them attended with fatal results, from fowling-pieces, rifles, &c. being discharged whilst those who carry them are crossing hedges or making their way through brakes and covers, from the fact of the trigger or hammer being moved by a twig or the bough of a tree or shrub, is too well known to need being much impressed upon the recollection of anybody. An invention of very recent date, and which is important to all persons, and particularly to sportsmen, now that the shooting season is drawing near, has been patented by Mr. W. Needham, of 26, Piccadilly, of whose improvements in fire-arms the public are aware, by which the accidents alluded to are effectually prevented, and by means of which it is next to impossible for a gun to go off, unless brought up to the shoulder, and levelled for the purpose of being fired. It is simple, and can be applied to any gun-lock. This invention, a safety stop-lock, consists in the introduction of an extra sear to the lock, which acts in unison with the hand-spring of the guard. Immediately the hammer is lifted off the nipple, it is caught by the stop or sear in the tumbler of the lock, and it is then impossible to explode the cap unless the gun is up at the shoulder in the position of firing, when the weight of the stock and barrel, &c. press the handspring, and the sear is then so operated upon that upon pulling the trigger the cap is exploded by the blow of the hammer as if no extra sear-spring existed to prevent it. The stop causes not the slightest impediment whatever to the cocking or firing of the gun. The whole construction of this invention is so simple, yet so efficacious, that

any person who will take the trouble to examine it will at once understand the security from accidents which it affords.

WALKER'S EFFLUVIA TRAP.—An apparatus, or, as it is called, a trap, has been registered by Mr. J. Walker, of 48, Shoe-lane, for preventing the effluvia of drains from rising and infecting the air. The inventor obtained the silver medal for his invention from the Society of Arts, and a model of it can be examined at his residence. It is intended to be placed over gratings, and its advantages are, that its action cannot be affected by stones or rubbish passing through the grating; that it can scarcely be put out of repair; that it cannot be stopped by ice, and that it will prevent the effluvia from the drain as well as from the sewer. There is a chamber or receptacle for water, and chains or links, &c. by which the person to whose management it is entrusted can empty it of its contents and restore it to its proper position for acting as required. Now that the health of towns has become so interesting a subject for inquiry, it will be of consequence to investigate the claims of this invention and similar ones for public adoption. It is simple in its construction, and appears very efficacious.

Heirs-at-Law, Next of Kin, &c. Wanted.

[This is part of a complete list now being extracted for THE CRITIC from the advertisements that have appeared in the newspapers during the present century. The reference, with the date and place of each advertisement, cannot be stated here without subjecting the paragraph to duty; but the figures refer to a corresponding entry in a book kept at THE CRITIC Office, where these particulars are preserved, and which will be communicated to any applicant. To prevent impertinent curiosity, a fee of half-a-crown for each inquiry must be paid to the publisher, or if by letter, postage stamps to that amount inclosed.]

1013. RELATIONS OF NEXT OF KIN OF AHMET CHIOGLA, who visited Constantinople temporarily, and there died of the plague, in September 1837. *Something to advantage.*
1014. NEXT OF KIN OF Mr. RICHARD SHAW, who in 1824 carried on business as an accountant, at 12, London-road, Surrey, and it is believed afterwards died a prisoner in the Queen's Bench Prison. *Something to advantage.*
1015. RELATIONS OF NEXT OF KIN OF JOHN PAINE, late of 21, Red Lion-square, Middlesex, who died March 21, 1839. *Something to advantage.*
1016. MARGARET POWELL, who lived as servant to an old lady at Turnham-green, Middlesex, previous to the year 1815. *Something to advantage.*
1017. MARIA COX, late of 15, Terrace, Picnic, Buckingham-gate, Middlesex, spinster, or her representatives. *Something to advantage.*
1018. HEIR-AT-LAW OF WILLIAM CHANNERY, who died in 1755. *Something to advantage.*
1019. HEIRS OF CO-HEIRS-AT-LAW AND NEXT OF KIN OF CHARLES PEACH, late of Idlicote, Warwickshire, and of Queen Ann-street, Cavendish-square, Middlesex, lieutenant-colonel in the service of the Hon. East India Company (died October 21, 1837), or their legal personal representatives.
1020. LEGATEES under the WILL OF DUNCAN ROBERTSON, some time residing in Tenter-street, in the parish of Christchurch, Spitalfields, Middlesex, and THOMAS NORRIS, weaver, Busseton, Glasgow, claiming as the only representative of ALISON NORRIS, who died at Edinburgh in the month of February 1839, sister of James Norris, some time of Madras, also deceased, and some time wife, afterwards widow, of the said deceased Duncan Robertson.
1021. Mrs. MARY JACKSON, one of the children of Samuel Jones (who died before 1775), and sister of Sarah Holt, and John, Samuel, and Elizabeth Jones, and also SARAH, daughter of John and Ann Jones, and niece of Mrs. Mary Jackson, or her representatives.
1022. MARGARET MURRAY, spinster, who is supposed to reside in Ireland, sister of Mary Ann Winkworth, deceased. *Something to advantage.*
1023. NEXT OF KIN OF GEORGE EDKINS of the Strand, Middlesex, where he died on the 6th of June, 1821, or his personal representatives.
1024. HEIR-AT-LAW OF JOHN MAYO, formerly of Bayford, Hertfordshire, esq. who died leaving a will bearing date 1674. *Something to advantage.*
1025. NEXT OF KIN OF CHARLES COOKE, Esq. who died on the 23th of September, 1835, at his residence, The Moor, in the parish of Holmer, Hereford.
1026. NEXT OF KIN AND NEAREST OF BLOOD OF JOHN SPENCER, of Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, Middlesex, died in March 1806.
1027. HEIR-AT-LAW of the late Rev. ROBERT JONES MORETON, of Great Canfield, Essex, who died in 1801. It is supposed the heir-at-law of the above Mr. Moreton held a suit in Chancery against a solicitor and executor living near Great Canfield, about 1833. *Something to advantage.*

(To be continued weekly.)

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

We have but little to record as affecting literature and literary men. The scions of the craft

have nearly all made their exit from town. Those left are like dying embers—serving only to remind observers that something *has existed* whose essence is departed, and whose impersonation is sustained rather for its future life than for present show or performance. The few representatives of the pen and the pencil that the Rhine has spared to us are still *debating* about Shakspeare's house. And to talk they have now added more practical measures. A subscription has commenced. Contributions flow in rapidly, and of large amount. A part of the much-desired premises has been purchased, and there can now be no doubt that Shakspeare's residence will be preserved to the country. The mode of this preservation is actively discussed, and the suggestion of a contemporary to establish a literary *rendezvous*, and to place some eminent but needy literary character in it, as conservator, finds favour. —The world's pride bends to nought but fashion yet. Our national boasts of the recognition of genius—our after-honours paid to the slighted Burns—our paltry pittance doled out to the widows and families of departed great ones, all add to the sum of evidence which proves that only when royalty or fashion leads is a work of justice thought appropriate. The papers tell a story of the reception of the poet Tennyson among the *élite* of a small place in the Isle of Wight, where he has been latterly residing, in the hope of improving his health. "No one thought it worth his while to call on him or to solicit his acquaintance. The Queen and Prince, hearing of it, paid their respects to him without delay. No sooner was this known, than Tennyson was inundated with cards and invitations. The cards he returned, the invitations he declined." How shall we characterize this spirit of crawling sycophancy? A spirit that would lick the spot where royalty has trod, while it slights Nature's most gifted sons! Verily the judgment and the discrimination of our country require much tutelage! The subscription towards the fund raising for the widow and children of the Rev. J. Hewlet amounts to 1,000*l.* What a national reproach that our literary corps are dependent on charity for provision when in distress! How would it be if the heroes of battle were consigned to the like precarious resource? —The electric telegraph is being still further subdued, and rendered still more a great servant of man's ingenuity and skill. It has become a reporter! The second edition of the *Manchester Times* of Saturday last contains a report of a public meeting supplied by the above means. This is the first time that the electric telegraph has been made available for such a purpose. —Parsloe, for many years prompter at Covent-Garden Theatre, died on Friday the 6th inst. —A Norwegian newspaper has been started in America. The Norwegian settlements in the West are twenty in number, and contain a population of nearly 20,000 persons: so that an organ was desirable. —Etherization is being applied to domestic purposes in France. Bees have been rendered insensible by the operation, and their honey has been thus taken without injury to the insect or danger to the operator. The mode of administering is not described by our informant. —An adventurous tale is told by the French papers, and as it affects the class whose proceedings we record, we give it:—M. Moras, a "man of letters" inhabiting Mayence, is a relation of Herr Heinzen, a political writer, and has fallen under the suspicion of not only introducing the writings of his kinsman into Prussia, but even lending a helping hand to their composition. On this charge he was arrested at Mayence; and on the demand of the Prussian Government—whose subject he is—was to be given up to the authorities of that kingdom, and lodged in the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein. Accordingly he was conveyed, in custody of a Prussian gendarme and a Hessian, on board the *Düsseldorf* steam-boat, a crowd of his friends having assembled to witness his departure, and some of them bearing him company on board. When the boat neared a small island in the Rhine, the prisoner sprang from the deck, and, diving at intervals like Balfour of Burley, swam towards the island, from which a boat put out to meet him. On the demand of the officers, the captain of the steamboat stopped his en-

gines, and gave them a skiff and some sailors for the chase of the fugitive. But the latter and his friends had not gone into the adventure by halves. The pursuers were fired on from the island by some ten of these outlaws, and kept from landing. As the steamer was obliged to continue her course, a Rhine boatman was called, and the gendarmes entered his boat with a view to further proceedings. But, either by accident or intention, the boatman dropped his steering-pole when in the middle of the current, and the boat was swept away from the isle. Meantime, the fugitive and his friends crossed the river, entered a carriage which was waiting for them, and are, the report says, now in safety. —The publishing-world hardly claims a word from us. The election monopoly has been followed by one of another kind: and "Continental Guides," "Books for the Moors," "Voyages," and "Adventures," are now the whole stock-in-trade of literary efforts. We observe that Mr. Burrington, whose poetic contributions have on several occasions graced the columns of THE CRITIC, is preparing a volume. We are not venturing too far in affirming that he is the poet of the age,—for in him alone has the age a correct or forcible echo. This, perhaps, is not the best praise we should award, for Mr. Burrington is a mind-leader as well as a mind-painter. —The learned societies are progressing with their inquiries; but we confess that we have neither the patience to wade through their dry revelations, nor the cruelty to inflict them on our readers. Nothing of real interest or genuine novelty has been started; and we know that an antiquarian research to ascertain the probable maker of some venerable-looking teakettle would not excuse us for omitting any of the matter furnished in the present number. We admit that we are not of the hunters after relics,—nor do we think our readers expect us to be.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Adair's Key to Questions on Goldsmith's History of England, new edit. 18mo. 9d. swd.—Akerman's (J. Y.) Archaeological Index, 8vo. 15s. cl.
Barnes's Notes on Corinthians, edited by the Rev. J. Cobbin, 12mo. 2s. cl.—Berquin's (M.) Pièces Choies de L'Ami des Enfants, 11th edit. 12mo. 4s. 6d. bd.
Colling's (J. K.) Gothic Ornaments, drawn from existing examples, Parts I. and II. 4to. 21s. each, swd.
Davy's (Bishop) Volume for a Lending Library, 3rd edit. 12mo. 4s. 6d. cloth.
Evelid's Elements of Geometry, translated from the Latin of Bishop Elrington, new edit. 12mo. 5s. cl.—Evans (W. J.) The Sugar Planter's Manual, 8vo. 9s. cl.
Gatty's (Rev. A.) Thirty Sermons, new edit. 12mo. 8s. cl.
Hewitt's (J.) Chart of Ancient Armour, from the 11th to the 17th Century, with description, on canvas, in case, 10s. 6d.—Holmes's (T. H.) The Balm of Gilead; or, the Recovery of Man's Fall by Redemption, 32mo. 1s. cl.
Lang's (J. D.) Cookland in Northern Eastern Australia, the future Cotton-field of Great Britain, fcap. 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.—Ditto, Phillipaland; or, the Country hitherto designated Port Phillip, fcap. 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.
Manual (The) of Bookkeeping by an Experienced Clerk, 5th edit. 12mo. 4s. cl.—May's Companion Book to Stratford-upon-Avon, 12mo. 2s. 6d. bds.—Murray's (Rev. T. B.) Alphabet of Emblems, 2nd edit. 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.
Newman's (Rev. W. A.) The Martyr, The Dream, and other Poems, fcap. 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.
Palter (The); or, The Psalms of David, 18mo. 2s. cl.
Rimbault's (E. F.) Bibliotheca Madregaliana, 8vo. 5s. cl.—Robson's (J.) Questions on Dr. Schmidt's History of Rome, 12mo. 2s. cl.
Starr's (Rev. H. W.) Remains, with Memoir, by his Sister, 12mo. 5s. 6d. cl.—Steele's (W. E.) Hand-Book of Field Botany, with a Synoptical Table of the Genera, 12mo. 7s. 6d. cl.—Summer Excursions in the County of Kent, illustrated with 140 Engravings on Wood, 12mo. 5s. cl.
Virgil, the Eclogues and Georgics of, with English Notes, by C. Anthon, LL.D. new edit. 12mo. 6s. roan lettered.

BOOK WANTED TO PURCHASE.

No charge is made for insertion in this list. Apply to the Publisher of THE CRITIC, stating prices.
Tytas's Illustrated Shakspeare, edit. of 1839-40-41. Nos. I. to XI.; XIV. and XV., XVII. to XXIX., and XXXIII. to XXXVI. all inclusive, or any of them second-hand will do, if clean and perfect.

WIT AND WISDOM OF THE WEEK.

Mr. Wordsworth, the poet, says the reason why he objects to railways is, that they are regular "Burke on the sublime and beautiful."—*Liverpool Lion*.
An interesting anecdote is told of Mrs. Butler on her passage from Jersey to this island. It appears that the fair actress was very ill on board the steamer, and, consequently, not much in the humour

to be disturbed or spoken to. The stewardess was, however, obliged to ask for the fare; when the application was answered by Mrs. B. ejaculating, with a truly theatrical tone and attitude, "Woman, when you see a poor creature suffering as I am now, you should not ask for money."—*Guernsey Sun*.

UNTIMELY REPLY.—A rather ludicrous circumstance occurred in a parish church within the limits of this borough on Sunday evening last. The officiating clergyman, in the course of his sermon, and when near the close, raised his voice to rather a higher pitch, and said, "How is it that the Almighty glorifieth in the forgiveness of sins?" The clerk, who was fast asleep below him, roused by the higher tone, sufficiently to catch the question, to the astonishment of the congregation, instantly replied, loud enough to be heard all over the church, "I don't know indeed, Sir."—*Carnarvon Herald*.

DAMP WALLS.—When damp walls proceed from deliquescence in the case of muriate of soda, &c. in intimate combination with the sand used for the mortar, it is merely necessary to wash the wall with a strong solution of alum. This converts the deliquescent salt into an efflorescent one, and the cure is complete. Or, alum may be added to the plaster in the first instance.—*Dr. Murray*.

ELECTRO-TELEGRAPH.—It is intended, we hear, immediately to establish an electric telegraph between all the fire-engine stations in the metropolis, so that when a fire breaks out, information of the fact can instantaneously be communicated to all the stations on its reaching any one of them. A telegraph has been for some time in operation through the Box tunnel, for the purpose of giving notice at either entrance, on the approach of an up or down train, that the tunnel is clear of all obstructions.—*The Builder*.

PUBLIC RECORD OFFICE.—We hear that Sir Gregory Grey, having referred the question of the proposed site for the Public Record Office in Chancery-lane to the Metropolitan Commissioners, they have reported in favour of its adoption. The estimated cost of the building is 175,000*l.* the fittings 31,500*l.*; the houses and ground which it would be necessary to purchase, 243,000*l.*; making the total cost 450,000*l.* It is to be observed, however, that this includes the erection of several short streets in the immediate neighbourhood.—*Ibid*.

THE GRAVEYARD QUESTION.—Mr. G. A. Walker delivered his fourth lecture on this subject at the Mechanics' Institution, on the 13th inst. and brought forward a fresh budget of irrefragable facts.—*Ibid*.

BUILDERS' BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.—We have much pleasure in stating that this charity progresses in a most favourable way. A large list of supporters has been obtained.—*Ibid*.

To Readers and Correspondents.

We cannot insert, or notice in any way, any communication that is sent to us anonymously; but those who choose to address us in confidence will find their confidence respected. NEITHER CAN WE UNDERTAKE TO RETURN ANY MANUSCRIPT WHATEVER.

"A READER OF THE CRITIC."—There is nothing more fluctuating than the value of coins. It varies with the depth to which the collector has been "bitten." The real value (which should be the market-value) of old moneys may always be ascertained from "The Curator of Coins" at the British Museum; and as the subject is one upon which we confess ourselves ill-informed, we refer our correspondent to that gentleman, not doubting that he will candidly advise our reader upon the matter.

"A. L. (Stone)."—The poem, though pleasing in parts, is unequal to our standard for admission.

"W. S. FETTERCAIRN."—The proper party to inform our correspondent on the questions he has submitted is the keeper of a bookstall. An edition of the *Basia* of *Johannis Secundus* was published, we believe, a few years ago; but by whom, or where it may be had, we are unable to say.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

SASSAFRAS CHOCOLATE.—DR. DE LA MOTTE'S NUTRITIVE, HEALTH-RESTORING, AROMATIC CHOCOLATE, prepared from the Nuts of the Sassafras Tree, and Sold by the Patentee, 12, Southampton-street, Strand, London.
The Chocolate contains the peculiar virtues of the Sassafras Root, which has been long held in great estimation for its purifying and alterative properties. The aromatic quality (which is very grateful to the stomach) most invalids require for breakfast and evening repast, to promote digestion and to a deficiency of this property in the customary breakfast and supper, may in a great measure be attributed the frequency of cases of indigestion generally termed bilious. It has been found highly beneficial in correcting the state of the digestive organs, &c. from whence arise many diseases, such as eruptions of the skin, gout, rheumatism, and scrofula. In cases of debility of the stomach, and a sluggish state of the liver and intestines, occasioning flatulence, costiveness, &c. and in spasmodic asthma, it is much recommended.

On the first of September will be published, Part I. price 1s. demy 4to. a new edition of

HOGARTH'S WORKS,

Engraved on Steel by the first Artist of the day. Each Part will contain Four highly-finished Steel Engravings and descriptive Letter-press, pointing out their beauties, and a comment on their moral tendency, with Anecdotes of the Author and his Works, &c. &c.

By the Rev. J. TRUSLER.

"Mirth coloured his pictures, but Benevolence designed them."
. The work will be continued on the 1st and 15th of every month, and will be completed in about Thirty Parts.

To be had of all Booksellers, and of the Publishers,
E. T. Brain and Co. 88, Fleet-street, London; J. Menzies, Edinburgh; J. M'Glashan, Dublin.
AGENTS WANTED FOR THE COUNTRY.

METROPOLITAN SEWAGE MANURE

COMPANY, Incorporated by 9 and 10 Victoria.
7, WATERLOO PLACE, Pall Mall.
Capital, by Act of Incorporation, 150,000l. in 7,500 shares
of 20l. each.

Additional Capital, by amended Act, 20,000l.
Deposit, 1l. per Share.

This Company has been incorporated by the Legislature to convey the contents of the London Sewers into the country in a liquid form, by the same sort of machinery by which water is carried into London, and to distribute it over fields and gardens at a very trifling cost, indefinitely increasing the fertility of the soil.

The plan has been already tried, and its advantages proved, on a farm of 300 acres near Glasgow. At Edinburgh the application of sewage water has raised the value of land from 2s. 6d. an acre to 15s. and 20l. and at Mansfield from 4s. 6d. to 11l. 4s.

The Select Committee of the House of Commons on the Company's Bill "urge the importance of the project," and declare their opinion "that only through the agency of a Company" can the objects contemplated "be combined and applied to the important purposes of CLEANSING OUR TOWNS, PURIFYING OUR RIVERS, and ENRICHING OUR SOIL." Again, the Report of Her Majesty's Commissioners of Woods and Forests pronounces "the principle involved" to be "NATIONAL."

The establishment of this Company may therefore be regarded as the commencement of a system fraught with great national benefits, contemplating not only profit upon invested capital, but increased comfort and improved health to the inhabitants of towns, and inestimable advantages to the agriculture of the United Kingdom.

The operations of the Company will commence at Stanley Bridge, so as to afford an early supply of sewage to the important gardening districts of Fulham and its vicinity, and thus to secure to the Shareholders a speedy return upon their investments, before the whole of the subscribed capital is called for.

The most careful calculation that has been made, exhibits a profit of from 15 to 20 per cent; this calculation was based upon the estimated supply of sewage to 30,000 acres, but since that time farmers, market-gardeners, and land-owners cultivating about 68,000 acres of land have, by petition to Parliament, expressed their anxiety to take a supply of Sewage Manure from the Company.

The Directors having obtained their amended Act, giving enlarged powers and facilities, and authorizing the issue of additional shares, purpose immediately to carry out the important objects for which this Company was incorporated, and are now ready to receive applications for the unallotted Shares.

The Company being incorporated by Act of Parliament, the liability of the Shareholders is limited to the amount of their shares, and the Act of Incorporation requires that at least three months shall elapse between the calls, and that no call shall exceed 2l. 10s. per share.

The Directors, under the authority of their amended Act, will allow Interest at the rate of four per cent. per annum, upon all Deposits and Calls from the day of payment until the Company's Works are in operation; and five per cent. per annum on all sums paid in advance of calls.

A. GREIG, Secretary.

Offices, Waterloo-place, Pall Mall, London.

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

To the Directors of the Metropolitan Sewage Manure Company.

Gentlemen,—I hereby request you to allot me Shares, of 20l. each, in the above Company, and I undertake to accept the same, or any less number that may be allotted to me, to pay the deposit of 1l. per Share thereon, and to execute the necessary deeds when required.

Name in full
Address
Profession or Business (if any) ..
Reference

BINYON'S ELASTIC CHEST EXPANDER.

STOOPING of the SHOULDERS and CONTRACTION of the CHEST are entirely prevented, and gently and effectually removed in Youth and Ladies and Gentlemen, by the occasional use of the IMPROVED ELASTIC CHEST EXPANDER, which is light, simple, easily applied, either above or beneath the dress, and worn without any uncomfortable constraint or impediment to exercise. To Young Persons especially it is highly beneficial, immediately producing an evident IMPROVEMENT in the FIGURE, and tending greatly to prevent the incursion of PULMONARY DISEASES; whilst to the Invalid, and those much engaged in sedentary pursuits, such as Reading or Studying, Working, Drawing, or Music, it is found to be invaluable, as it expands the Chest, and affords a great support to the Back. It is made in Silk, and can be forwarded, per post, by Mr. ALFRED BINYON, Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor, No. 40, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, London; or full particulars, with Prices and Mode of Measurement, &c. on receipt of a postage-stamp.



ESSENCE OF LIFE.—This Valuable

Medicine, which for nearly a century has maintained so high a reputation in Germany and other parts of the Continent as to have met with the protection of Imperial and Bavarian privileges, can now be obtained in London. It was discovered by Dr. Kiesow, an eminent physician of Augsburg, and Counsellor to the King of Bavaria, and is an effectual remedy in removing the various diseases incident to the abdominal viscera; it stands unparalleled in all cases of dyspepsia or indigestion, which tends generally to headache, giddiness, or nervous debility; it yields immediate relief. Further particulars may be learnt in a medical treatise, gratis, upon its uses, at the depot, 46, Upper Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, where it is sold in bottles at 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. each; and of Messrs. Barelly and Co. 95, Farringdon-street; Messrs. Hannay and Co. 63, Oxford-street; Mr. J. Johnston, 68, Cornhill; Mr. J. Sanger, 150, Oxford-street; and by all chemists and patent medicine vendors throughout the United Kingdom.

J. OVENSTON, Sole Agent, by Appointment.

MARRIAGE.—One-half of the World are

desolately single, and the other, supposing them married, questionably contented. Diffidence, or a sense of right, determine the former, and miscalculated hopes embitter the latter. The solitary one may shield himself under the plea of caution and worldly prudence, and the indissoluble regret uncompromising hurry; but the truth lies deeper. Physical incapacity, and broken health, are the great hindrances to domestic happiness and social content. The dowry should not be the only settlement. Honour and justice demand that health should form an item in the compact; it alone dignifies the alliance. Blighted hopes or neglect wound more sorely than poverty or misfortune. Reader, if these surmises concern you, procure Dr. CULVERWELL'S little MEMOIRS "On Single and Married Life," published in 2 vols. 1s. each (by post, in stamps, 1s. 6d. each). Let no imaginatively refined or prudish feeling deter you, by their titles, nor be hindered by misinterpretation of their supposed contents from obtaining them. They are not intended, certainly, for mere idle curiosity, but for the closer perusal of those more deeply interested, to whom they are offered as antagonistic to the empirical trash put forth on the above subjects, by unqualified authors, which, alone or together, are a disgrace to the age. Furthermore, two other little publications claim your attention (same price, 1s. each, by post, 1s. 6d.) called "What to Eat, Drink, and Avoid," and "How to be Happy." They are not merely pamphlets, but equal in quantity to a library volume; nor are they the mere ephemeral scribbles of the hour, but the study of the author's life, who owes his present existence, health, and position to the observance of the maxims he would inculcate to do unto others as he would be done unto—to live after Nature's laws—and to keep always on the "sunny side of the way." The above works may be had of Sherwood, 23, Paternoster-row; Carvalho, 147, Fleet-street; Mann, 39, Cornhill; Nalson, 457, West Strand; or direct (by post or otherwise) from the author (who may be conferred with personally, mornings and evenings), 10, Argyl-place, Regent-street, and all booksellers.

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF ROYALTY, AND THE AUTHORITY OF THE FACULTY.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES are indispensably necessary both for the Cure and Prevention of Coughs, Asthmatic and all Pulmonary Complaints during this Changeable Weather.

IMPORTANT TESTIMONIALS.

RESTORATION OF VOICE BY KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.

Glasgow, January 12, 1847.
SIR,—I have great pleasure in informing you of the great good your excellent Cough Lozenges have done me. In December 1845, I caught a severe cold from riding two or three miles, one very wet night, which settled in my lungs, and quite took away my voice, so that I could not speak above a whisper from that time until December last. I tried all kinds of medicines, but they were of no avail. I was then advised to try your Lozenges, which I did only to please my friends; but before I had finished a 2s. 6d. tin, my voice, to my great joy, came back as strong as ever.

I am, Sir, yours respectfully,
Thomas Keating, esq.

78, High-street, Birmingham, Dec. 17, 1846.
DEAR SIR.—Having had occasion for a Cough Medicine in our Establishment, we tried your valuable Lozenges, and found them efficacious; and if I may judge from the increasing sale and popularity, they must give general satisfaction.

I am, dear Sir, yours respectfully,
To Mr. T. Keating, London. HENRY WINNALL.
Prepared and sold in boxes, 1s. 1d. and tins, 2s. 6d. 4s. 6d. and 10s. 6d. each, by THOMAS KEATING, Chemist, &c. No. 79, St. Paul's Church-yard, London, and Retail by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Vendors in the Kingdom.

N.B. The safety attendant on the use of these Lozenges, together with their agreeable flavour, has given them a well-merited popularity.

Just published (the 30th thousand) illustrated with numerous anatomical engravings, and in a sealed envelope, price 2s. and sent free for 2s. 6d. in postage stamps.

A MEDICAL TREATISE, entitled "MANHOOD," addressed to those suffering from Nervous Debility or Mental Irritation; with observations on Marriage and the treatment of those diseases resulting from excess, climate, or too close application to study, with explanatory cases, &c.

By J. L. CURTIS and CO. Consulting Surgeons, 7, Frith-street, Soho-square, London.

To be had of the Authors, at their residence; also, Strange, 21, Paternoster-row; Hannay, 63, Oxford-street; Mann, 39, Cornhill, London; Guest, Birmingham; T. Sowler, 4, St. Ann's-square, Manchester; G. Phillip, South Castle-street, Liverpool; W. and H. Robinson, Booksellers, Edinburgh; Campbell, 136, Argyl-street, Glasgow; and all Booksellers.

REVIEWS OF THE WORK.

"We feel no hesitation in saying that there is no member of society by whom the book will not be found useful, whether such person hold the relation of a parent, a preceptor, or a clergyman."—*Sun*.

"A perusal of this work will easily distinguish its talented authors from the host of medical writers and medicine vendors whose pretensions to cure all diseases are daily so indecently thrust before the public. Its originality is apparent, and its perusal breathes consolation and hope to the mind of the patient."—*Naval and Military Gazette*.

Hours of consultation from 10 till 2. Letters must contain the usual fee of 1l.

Just published, 16th thousand (in a sealed envelope), with twenty-five coloured engravings, price 2s. 6d. or post paid, to any address, for 3s. 6d. in postage stamps, or post-office order.

A MEDICAL TREATISE, entitled "SELF-PRESERVATION," on the SECRET INFLAMMATIONS and DISORDERS of YOUTH and MATURITY. Illustrated with Twenty-five Coloured Plates, on the Anatomy and Physiology of the Organs. With practical observations on the Treatment of Nervous Debility, Local and Constitutional Weakness, and other Diseases.

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